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Articles and Stories by

W. T. Stead
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and William Allen White

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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FUN AT THE FAIR

The Barker Barks and Pikers Crowd the Pike

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

THE old-fashioned county fair always had, in addition to the long sheds where interesting hogs lay grunting and the instructive edifice decked out with bunting where pickles and cake were exhibited, a row of vivid side-shows for the delectation of youth and the alarm of elderly females. So do modern World's Fairs.

Only their rows of side-shows extend for a mile or so and are advertised to cost several millions of dollars. At St. Louis it is called the Pike, and that sounds more like a name given by unaffected Americans with an ear for the ridiculous than Midway Plaisance, which meant nothing to the crowd—until it acquired a meaning of its own.

It is possible that some of the authorities who preferred to change the old name of Skinker Road (which includes a part of the advertised one and a half mile of the Pike) to University Boulevard had their qualms about such an unpretentious name as Pike, yet it would not do to copy Chicago—whose Midway was so named long before the Fair came to it. In any case, whatever doubts they may have had were surely overriden when Remington's dashing equestrian group arrived at the entrance of the Pike, for it has so much more in it than a mere representation of three rollicking cowboys shooting up a Western town, with ponies on a gallop. A skinker, it may be added, meant in old English a server of drinks, so it is all the more appropriate for the neighborhood. Moreover, as skinkers are mentioned in Walter Scott as well as Plaisances, that ought to make it pretty nearly all right with those who derive satisfaction out of the highfalutin.

Though willing to acknowledge the potent charm of scenic railroads and geisha girls, magic whirlpools and naval exhibits, and though excessively fond of the heroic rescues in Hale's Fire Fighters, and fully appreciative, I trust, of the contents of the latest improved infant incubators, yet my favorite show on the Pike is still the Galveston Flood. For some time, I believe, several Galvestons have been flooded daily and nightly in various parts of the country. I only hope they are all as good as the one at St. Louis.

The thing is done on a large stage—the widest stage in the world, according to the elocutionary young man who stands out in front and accompanies the progress of destruction in a raucous voice. At the other end of the stage a girl plays appropriately on a piano.

The first scene represents Galveston, in waterproof paint, as it was on the day before the catastrophe, basking in the semi-tropical sunshine, while it is described by the young man in the efflorescent style of railroad write-ups, "Galveston—a city of proud homes and broad business streets; Galveston—a city of busy wharves and prosperous industries" (pause); "Galveston—little dreaming of the morrow!" A toy tugboat crosses the stage (d. l. to d. r.) towing a toy schooner, both rocking on the swells, which are ripples of real water flowing between the city and the audience. This water, it may be added, was actually on its way to the Gulf when caught up from the river for this purpose.

Presently the sun sets in "regal splendor" (pronounced splend-or). The twilight gathers, the young man recites a couplet from The Children's Hour feelingly, while the girl at the piano plays Home, Sweet Home with variations. The crescent moon appears. "Night comes on apace," says the elocutionist in the hushed tones of Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night. "See how the lights spring out from each happy home." (Lots of lights pop out all over the stage.) "Observe the intermittent gleam of the trolley car scudding hither and thither"—a realistic touch. Softer music. One by one the lights are put out—I should say extinguished. The tired business man goes to bed—seeks repose, that is. The music ceases entirely. A pause. Low voice, but ominously: "Galveston sleeps!"

IN THE REAL SHADOW OF THE IMITATION MOUNTAINS

Presently the gray dawn of the fateful day is ushered in, and then comes the best stage storm you ever saw or heard. It beats the grand opera easily, for it not only has the latest improved silk wind machine and a delightful new patent thunder, but what not even Wagner ever hoped for—real rain: water pours down blindingly on the half-darkened stage. You can even smell it. Clouds scud across—even as the intermittent trolley car, only faster. The wind lashes the Gulf to fury. A series of (calcium-light made) whitecaps wash up over the streets. (Now you see why the paint is waterproof.) Meanwhile the girl is earning her salary with both hands on the bass keys and her foot on the loud pedal. And over and above the mad shrieking of the hurricane and the roll of the thunder can be heard the voice of the elocutionist clutching his cheek and crying, "My God, the storm!"

In the course of time the tempest "spends its fury," and then: "Ah! What a scene of desolation is this! Where once stood happy homes and the busy marts of commerce, now all is ruin and devastation," with pathetic music.

Now, that was where the performance was designed to end, but, unfortunately for the cause of realism, a committee of indignant citizens came up from Galveston and threatened an injunction. This show was calculated to queer the town.

What could be done? The owners had paid heavily for their concession and had constructed this innocent amusement with the widest stage in the world at great expense—$200,000, I think the elocutionist said. One of the owners conceived an idea. "Come around and see the show again to-morrow before you ask for your injunction—you'll see why, when you come." The next day the citizens came and saw exactly the same harrowing and hoodooing performance as before, with the young lady leaning over the keys and the young man clutching his cheek and crying, "My God, the storm!" But when they reached the depressing climax where he says, "Ah! What a scene of desolation is this," the sad music suddenly ceased, and the young man, with an appropriate gesture, cried, "But hold! Can the indomitable spirit of the great American people be crushed even by such a death-blow?" (Yankee Doodle suddenly starts up.) "No, a thousand times no! Thanks to the courage, the enterprise, the resourcefulness of the brave citizens of Galveston—behold! Galveston resurrected!" and once more the sunny, prosperous view of scene 1, "A city of proud homes and prosperous

indus-tries," dawned smilingly upon the astonished and pleased gaze of the beholders, who now went forth from the exhibition nodding approvingly, while the young lady at the piano pounded out My Country 'Tis of Thee. Since then Galveston has been flooded and resuscitated every hour or so to good houses, and the young man has clutched his cheek and cried "My God, the storm" in peace on an average of ten times a day.

There are said to be forty shows on the Pike, and all of them are good. Some are newer than others, but those that have been seen before have been enlarged and improved since last seen, and "each and every one" of them has, at least, one barker. They are a good lot of barkers, with carefully prepared "spiels," and they take pride in their work. The visitor should listen to them even if he has not always time to do as they urge. The modern barker who loves barking for barking's sake does not depend on mere noise to draw the crowd. Megaphones are not allowed at this Fair, and, except for the ceaseless tom-tom at the gates of the Oriental Cities, and the occasional poking of a lion to make him roar, it is moral suasion that draws the crowd.

The barker for the Galveston Flood, I may add, is a good case in point. He stands at the head of the Pike, a large man with a mighty voice which reaches the crowd while still down between the Mining Camp and the Cliff Dwellers. As we approached he was bellowing, "Galveston Flood!—just beginning!" in a way to make us quicken our steps to the ticket booth for fear the whole prosperous city would be a scene of desolation before we got in—and then found that, like many others, we should have to wait for twenty minutes. I went out to the barker. "Twenty minutes!" I made bold to say, being curious to know his reply. It was a good one. "Got you in, didn't I? That's what I'm paid for—Come on, everybody; Galveston Flood! just beginning!"

Another of my favorites is the barker for "Hereafter," which runs in close rivalry with "Creation," appropriately across the way. At first it was called Heaven and Hell, after the French *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*, on the Boulevard de Clichy; but this is a very moral Pike, and some of the worthies who own the controlling interest in geisha girls and other rival shows decided that it would hardly do to call it Heaven and Hell, though the censor still allows the devil to jump out and scare the women. The barker, however, with your true barker's adaptability to circumstances, makes good use of the new name. "Hereafter now in progress," he shouts; "something you never saw before—Hereafter." No wonder the crowd flocks in through the colonnade of charming staff angels.

The barker for Creation announces his performance in this way—note the difference: "Something you will never see again—Creation! An exact reproduction of Creation. All in for Creation." Both Hereafter and Creation are playing to "big business." They are both lovely. On hot days Creation is, perhaps, preferable, with its airiness and waterfalls. When you go to Hell, on the other hand, it is naturally underground, and, therefore, rather too realistic in temperature. Even Heaven, with its vaulted roof, is a bit stuffy, the only cool thing about it being the ballet of angels, who float about in a circle on creaking clouds to the tune of The Heavenly City.

The most novel barker, and a very effective one, is out in front of the Statisticum, which would certainly need an interpreter to make it sound attractive. This barker is not a man, but men and women in diminutive effigy who perform a wedding march, on the balcony overhanging the entrance, to the accompaniment of wedding chimes, every thirty seconds—or whatever is the average rate of marriages the world over. This draws plenty of attention to the Statisticum and indicates what it is. Within there are rows of similar exhibits, showing, for instance, by means of small dolls crossing your range of vision every so often, how many babies are born a minute, and by the coffins how many people die, and so on. With some of the exhibits are interesting annotations, such as this one under the constant flow of miniature pigs of metal: "Thirty million tons of iron and steel per year produced in the United States. This is why Carnegie can afford to give public libraries."

Another implies an admonition to frugality with its dropping of pennies demonstrating that a man who earns $5000 a year is making money only at the rate of a cent a minute. One of the best of the lot is the constant flow of letters going past the eyes so rapidly you cannot count them. This excellent moral is attached: "Look at the river of letters flowing, chattering on their way . . . and remember to write more frequently to your mother at home."

"The Streets" idea has grown, fair by fair, until at this one, in addition to the old original Cairo, there are also Constantinople, Seville, Ancient Rome, Old St. Louis, Paris, Ancient and Modern, a Moorish Palace, Japan, China, Asia, Alaska, a large Irish Village, Morocco, eleven acres of Jerusalem with 300 houses on twenty-two streets, and an interesting cross section of the Tyrolean Alps looming up almost to the altitude of the neighboring wireless telegraph station. One day during the recent late spring it was even found necessary to send men up to the summits of these mountains to shovel the snow off for fear it should leak through.

The Tyrolean Village, in the real shadow of the imitation mountains, with real dying grass clinging to imitation rocks, is the most popular place in all the 1240 acres of the fair. In

THIS IS A FAIR AFTER ALL

the centre of the village is a large market-place where the crowd congregates to eat, drink and listen to good music. There is a more or less turbulent torrent with conscientiously picturesque bridges and Tyrolean singers "with feathers in their hats and yodels in their throats." Inside the mountain there is an imposing dining-hall and an excellent symphony orchestra. In all about 1700 people dine every evening in the village. No wonder the St. Louis newspapers say that a visit to the World's Fair is as good as a trip around the world. There are a number of things to prove that it is better. Leaning up against the back of the Alps, on the other side from that needed by the Tyroleans, nestles the Irish Village, with imported Irish soil covered with imported Irish sod, on which run jaunting cars to view the Lakes of Killarney. Blarney Castle is a theatre for Yeats' Celtic plays, performed by Dublin actors.

The chief aid to the illusion in all these villages and sections of cities is that, instead of being viewed in various alcoves of a big exhibition building, they stand more or less enveloped in their own peculiar atmosphere, at any rate surrounded by the walls of their own characteristic houses, with families living in them, and children sticking their heads out of the upstairs windows. Very little is lacking to complete the illusion, except the characteristic odor of the cities represented, and that is not always a regrettable lack—another advantage of having the mountain brought to Mohammed. The smell of fresh American paint also serves to recall the fact that this is a Fair after all. So do the signs themselves: "Donkey boys and camel men are prohibited from soliciting fees, although bakshish is customary in Cairo."

"Wanted: Twelve Beautiful Girls for Fairyland."

"Madame Claire LeRoy, Palmist and Chiropodist."

Globe-trotters are accustomed to seeing English helmets poking into the nethermost parts of the earth, but to see a Cliff Dweller paying an official call on a South Sea Islander, or to stumble upon an Eskimo in furs hobnobbing with a head-hunting, dog-eating Filipino wearing a cigar and a hat-band, is rather a novelty. One could not see this in any part of the world except at a World's Fair. The St. Louis papers are more than right.

"GOT YOU IN, DIDN'T I?"

The exhibitors extend the freedom of the Pike to the exhibited, and many of the temporary residents are as punctilious in the observance of international amenities as the owner of a new yacht in a harbor full of older members of the club. Sometimes, it must be confessed, outward urbanity conceals inward contempt. Last May a self-appointed committee of American Indians crossed the staff bridge of Arrowhead Lake to pay their respects to their fellow-wards of Uncle Sam, the Moros. The hosts were found building native bamboo huts, in native negligee. The big chiefs were scandalized badly enough at their neighbors' costume, or lack of it; but that was not the worst. "What did you think of those people?" a noble warrior was asked afterward. "Huh! no good," was the reply; "men work."

The Indians, by the way, are getting more fun out of this Louisiana Purchase Exposition than any one else, which seems no more than just, on second thought. They look their part, of course: grave, inscrutable, introspective; but, as a matter of fact, they are the most inquisitive crowd on the ground, and are called the "Top-Line Rubberers of the Pike" by the barkers. It is a common sight to see family parties of them making the rounds of all the shows. The big buck stalks ahead gloomily leading a little bucklet by the hand, followed at a respectful distance by the squaw lugging a papoose on her back and looking older than the Moro wives. When they have finished their stalk among the crowd they hurry back to their tepee on the hill, throw off their variegated blankets and heavy beads with a sigh of relief, and slip on a comfortable pair of union-made blue jeans and a black cotton shirt, and settle down to supper with a relaxing grin, like any other actor. These World's Fairs have developed a new species, the professional savage and the professional Oriental, many of whom have adopted this sort of business as their lifework. They really do the thing they are supposed to do much better than when they began the job, and, as they serve to create the illusion that is intended better than their less sophisticated brethren at home, it is all right.

It is only just to add, however, that at this Fair there are plenty of the unsophisticated sort of savage who do not know enough to act like savages when you pay attention to them. Uncle Sam, who is one of the biggest and boldest exhibitors at the Fair, has, in his huge Philippine exhibit, which in itself contains forty acres, all grades of ignorant savagery from the Negritos up to the smart young Filipino scouts in khaki. When the Alaskan Indians arrived they were so ignorant as never to have heard of that product of civilization called the labor union, and looked up with ignorant astonishment when the union insisted upon erecting their sacred totem poles. But the union had its way. The next morning, when the Alaskans arrived, they beheld with horror that their revered lares and penates had been erected upside down.

The union was beautifully defeated, however, when it tried to take the work of the Japanese Village out of the hands of the Jap workmen, for the latter, with characteristic politeness, merely handed over their materials and implements with many smiles and protestations of infinite respect. The union men squinted a moment at the outlandish tools, gazed at the unheard-of materials, then, spitting silently, handed them back, and passed on without a word. The union had also claimed the sole right to build one of the French exhibits, the Grand Trianon, I believe—until they were handed the specifications, written, of course, in French. Since then they have allowed foreign work to be done by foreigners—another great lesson of the World's Fair.

If you go to this World's Fair with the avowed intention of finding fault with it, which seems to be the spirit of a few of its visitors, there are plenty of things to sniff at—even before you get into the grounds. The approaches are unseemly, the heat is terrific, the expense is great. The transfer company charged for transporting a steamer trunk and a hatbox just double what my cab had cost me in New York for nearly twice the distance with the trunk and hatbox on top. But we visitors ought not to object. Think how much more we get out of this than out of an ordinary visit to St. Louis, and think how much more St. Louis is going to lose by the Fair than we are.

One of the officials who held some authority over the architects of the Fair buildings began life, it is said, as a plumber—a fact which serves as a noteworthy exhibit in itself, and should impress the visiting foreigner. One day one of the architects, it is recorded, foolishly undertook to convert the ex-plumber to his way of thinking in regard to a proposed building. "It is more beautiful so," he said.

"But what's the use of it?" asked the official.

"Then," said the architect, smiling quietly, "you don't believe in Keats—that 'a thing of beauty'——"

"What are keats? never heard of 'em."

The architect dropped the argument.

But, despite such handicaps, and despite the dogged determination on the part of some of the creators of the Fair to stamp the dollar-mark everywhere, mere bigness and costliness are not what impress one most, nor what will be remembered longest. The beauty of the buildings, the loveliness of the landscape effects, and the spirit of jubilant American might with its courageous optimism for the Western future make the greatest and most useful impression, the one to remain in memory the longest, even if not in every way "a joy forever."

South Africa After the War

By W. T. STEAD

Lord Milner and Doctor Jameson

SINCE Mr. Rhodes died broken-hearted two years ago the centre of the South African stage has been occupied by Lord Milner, the High Commissioner of the British Crown. As long as Mr. Rhodes lived the Colossus overshadowed all his contemporaries so much that the first and often the only question asked about them was the relationship in which they stood to him. The death of Mr. Rhodes created a mighty void which no one has as yet even attempted to fill. Lord Milner, however, by virtue of his position as chief representative of the Empire, has attracted most attention, and after him comes Doctor Jameson, the present Prime Minister of Cape Colony. As both of these men are still to the front, and both of them have been for years my intimate friends, I think that it may be as well briefly to sketch the characters and describe the present position of these leading actors in the South African drama.

To begin at the end, the present position of Lord Milner is almost tragic in its pathos. There are two men in the world to-day who have a claim on the sympathy of every human heart, not because of their deserts, but because of the exquisite cruelty of the irony of their position. The first is the Czar Nicholas II of Russia, the second is Lord Milner. Of the two, the latter is probably more forlorn. The Czar at least enjoys to the full the sweet love of children and of wife. No man is more happy than he when, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," he can for some transient hours abandon himself entirely to domestic delights. But Lord Milner has neither wife nor child. He stands erect, alone, like a great monolith amid the arid sands of the desert, with no companion and no compeer, a solitary figure sustained alone by his own unshaken belief in the wisdom of a policy the futility of which remorseless Time is demonstrating day by day.

Both men are face to face with the crowning disappointment of their lives. If the Russian Emperor longed for anything with passionate desire it was that his reign might be unstained by a single war and that he should be remembered in history as the Emperor of Peace. The famous Rescript which bore such valuable, although as yet not fully ripened, fruit at The Hague Conference attested at once to the enthusiasm of its author and the clearness with which he diagnosticated the malady of militarism which threatens society with destruction. And now, but five years after the meeting of the Conference, he finds himself waging a war with Japan, a war which he detested and one which he firmly believed he had averted, but which now holds him in a grasp from which he cannot shake himself free.

And Lord Milner's lifework is also crumbling in his hands. To secure and establish British ascendancy in South Africa was the one object which he set before himself after he entered upon his duties as High Commissioner. To that end he concentrated all the energies of his powerful will. He conceived not only his end but the means which led to that end. He willed the war, he made the war, and he was allowed absolute authority to garner its fruits as might seem best in his own eyes. And now, after all the blood and treasure has been spent, and he has remodeled the political map of South Africa as seemed good in his own eyes, he is beginning to realize that his achievement has been a gigantic failure. A temporary semblance of success masks a very real and disastrous failure. The Union Jack no doubt floats over the capitals of the republics, but it is the only British thing that is in the ascendant. In the hearts of the people, as in the public opinion of the world, it is the Boer who has emerged triumphant.

That Lord Milner is not himself an Englishman does not lessen the poignant mortification of such a miscarriage of his lofty political aspirations. His father was a German subject who held a professorship in Stuttgart University for which no non-German is eligible. His mother was an Irish lady who married her German husband in Germany and bore him a German child who was christened Alfred fifty years ago. He is now known throughout the world as Viscount Milner, a member of the British Peerage and the Imperial High Commissioner in South Africa, but nevertheless he is to this day not naturalized as a British subject. If all had their rights his Imperial Majesty William II could claim this prancing proconsul as his subject, for Alfred, Lord Milner, was born in Germany, registered in Germany, christened in Germany, and it was in the German language that he learned to lisp. His early schooling he received in Germany, but afterward he was sent to England to complete his education. He was an apt pupil, and, alike at school and at college, he made his mark as a diligent student and, even in those early days, a keen politician. But although he became thoroughly acclimatized as an Englishman, drinking in at every pore the subtle influences born of the old associations of Oxford University, he never emancipated himself from his German habit of thought, and the two contributions which he has made to the history of his time both bear unmistakable evidence of their German origin.

The first of these is almost forgotten now, but it was a much more valuable piece of work than the South African performance. Twenty-five years ago, when Alfred Milner left college and joined the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, the old school of *laissez faire* radicalism was still in the ascendant. It was Milner who, in the English press, first sounded the note of revolt against the doctrines of the old school. He was deeply imbued with the ideals of German socialism—not the socialism of Bebel and the Social Democrats, but what was then called Socialism of the Chair. He was a great friend and comrade of Arnold Toynbee, whose scheme of settling plantations of university graduates in the slums of our great cities has now made the tour of the world. Milner was one of the first founders of Toynbee Hall. He was a man of great enthusiasm in the cause of social reform. So far as his somewhat sluggish temperament rendered it possible, he worked together with Toynbee in his social apostolate.

When I succeeded Mr. Morley as director of the Pall Mall Gazette, with Milner as my assistant, we divided the work between us on the understanding that he should look after the social reform at home while I attended to the affairs of the Empire at large. It was in this way that he came to be the recognized exponent of the doctrines of the school now known as Municipal Socialists, a school which is now in the ascendant in most of the progressive municipalities in Great Britain, but which then had hardly formulated its theories. Milner's articles in the Pall Mall Gazette were, as he frankly stated at the time, an attempt to popularize and Anglicize the theories of the more practical and opportunist school of German socialists. He may be regarded as having been the precursor of the progressive school of municipal politicians who have dominated the London County Council from the beginning and have indirectly exercised no little influence upon municipal life in American cities.

Milner, however, did not find scope for his ambition as assistant editor in a newspaper where his chief, perhaps unduly, monopolized too much of the work. He was an admirable colleague, whose somewhat indifferent health may be pleaded as my excuse for not leaving more of the editorial direction in his hands. I owe to him one of the most splendid compliments one journalist ever received from another. Years after he had left the old office in Northumberland Street he told an ambitious aspirant for political distinction to go and offer me his services for nothing in any post I would allow him to hold on the Pall Mall Gazette: "For," said he, "it is a liberal education in itself to work under Stead on a newspaper." A very handsome compliment, which I hope I may be pardoned for quoting, but I wish it had been better deserved; for it was Milner who was the educated university man of our team, while I was the North country barbarian who had left school at fourteen to be an errand boy and had never seen the inside of college or university. It was he who supplied the "university tip," to quote the office slang, who pruned down the exuberance of my untutored rhetoric, and generally acted as the cultured critic of journalistic developments.

Milner was Bismarckian then. He is Bismarckian to-day—as South Africa knows to its cost. The fascination of "blood and iron" proved too much for him. It must not be supposed from this that he supported Bismarck's high-handed policy in Germany. Milner was a South German and was always more or less opposed to the stern rule of the Prussian dictator. But the idea of achieving great political and imperial ends by the short cut of war never excited in him any humanitarian repugnance. It was not that he was a hard-hearted man; he was, on the contrary, almost morbidly sensitive. He would go a long way roundabout on his way to the office in the morning to avoid passing a butcher's shop. The sight of the raw meat offended his sensitive soul, and he was often sorely tempted to be vegetarian.

After Milner left the Pall Mall Gazette he stood for Parliament and failed. The Home Rule split rent the Liberal party in twain, and he cast in his lot without hesitation with his great friend and patron, Mr., now Lord, Goschen, then Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Salisbury Administration. As private secretary of the British Secretary of the Treasury he proved himself an invaluable assistant to his chief, who, by the by, is also of German descent. There was much lamentation in the Treasury when Milner was dispatched to Egypt as financial adviser of the Khedive, and there was much rejoicing when, some years later, he reappeared, bearing with him as the fruit of his sojourn on the Nile the

DR. JAMESON

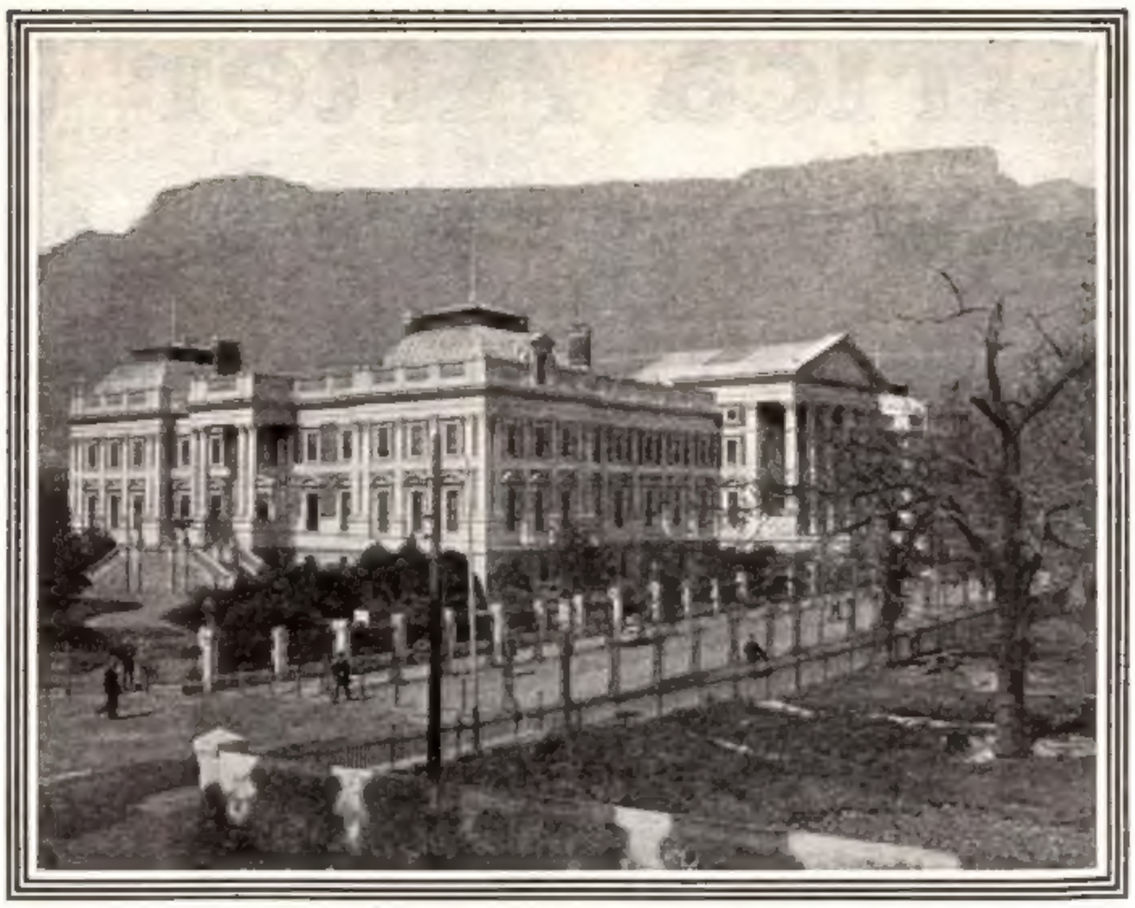
LORD MILNER AND SIR WALTER F. HELY-HUTCHINSON, GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY

Editor's Note—This is the second of six papers by Mr. Stead on present conditions in South Africa.

admirable book entitled England in Egypt. His success as an author was great and immediate, and his book remains to this day the standard authority on the work which the English are doing in the Nile delta.

His next appointment was the chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue—a post which placed him at the head of the English Civil Service, and made him the second most powerful official in the country. He won golden opinions at Somerset House. His justice, his suavity, his patience and his rectitude were recognized on all hands. He would probably have been there still if, in an evil moment, I had not been seized with the idea that he should go out to South Africa as High Commissioner. When I mooted the idea to him he laughed at me for suggesting such an absurdity. It was an appointment altogether out of the question, he said. I was not daunted. I half converted Mr. Rhodes to the belief that Milner was the right man for the post. But on the first time of asking I failed. The second time I was more fortunate. Milner, then Sir Alfred, was duly nominated as High Commissioner on the retirement of Lord Rosmead.

I remember as if it had occurred to-day the interview I had with my old confrère immediately before his departure. I was full of warnings as to the danger that lay before him of being intrigued or bluffed into war with the Transvaal. Chamberlain was smarting with his discomfiture over the Raid, and angry at having been checked by Lord Rosmead in his attempt to fasten a quarrel upon Mr. Kruger within six months of the Jameson escapade. Milner was confident as to his ability to avert all such perils. At first he admitted his position would be weak owing to his lack of local knowledge. But in six months he thought the halo of local authority would have grown with sufficient rapidity to enable him to withstand any attempt to force him into war with the Dutch. At the same time he said candidly: "I am going to devote myself first of all to mastering the actual facts as to the existing military position, for nothing more conduces to peace than exact information as to comparative strength." To this, of course, I had no kind of objection, and with one more word of caution we parted.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN

At first, after his arrival in South Africa, he seemed to be framing well to carry out his program of peace. On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee he sent home to her Majesty a well-deserved tribute to the loyalty of the Cape Dutch. He was reported to be taking lessons in Dutch, and, although he did now and then sound somewhat too strenuously the imperial note, we were all very well satisfied with him and his doings at the Cape. But at the end of 1898 he came home on furlough. He left no hint to his *locum tenens*, General Sir William Butler, that he regarded the situation as critical. The only private hint General Butler received indirectly from his chief was that the principal difficulty of the High Commissioner arose from the dictation of the capitalists rather than from the intrigues and conspiracies of the Dutch. When I saw Milner in London just before his return in 1899, and asked for guidance as to South African politics, he counseled a policy of absolute quiescence. "The situation between the Boers and ourselves," he said, "is as bad as it can be, but the worst of it is that whatever step we decide to take will only make it worse." There was no hint of the need for war, no warning word as to the imminence of the fatal decision which so nearly wrecked the Empire.

The moment Lord Milner returned to South Africa he set himself to work up public opinion in favor of pushing matters to extremities with Paul Kruger. Dr. Jameson, who was in his confidence, came over to London in the spring to pass the word that Milner had decided for war. The psychological moment had come. The press was to be tuned. The Colonial Secretary had to be squeezed. Public opinion had to be manipulated. Public meetings were to be called to listen to the woes of the Uitlanders. Emissaries were dispatched to the colonies to arouse colonial patriotism by harrowing accounts of

(Continued on Page 17)

Seconding the Motion

How a Great National Convention Became a Manikin

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THERE is a children's game played by the second little boy saying "Just like me" to everything the first little boy says. It begins: "I went downtown;" "Just like me." "And turned the corner;" "Just like me." "And crossed the street;" "Just like me." "And saw a monkey;" "Just like me." Then there is a laugh, and the second little boy is "it." In the game of national politics Theodore Roosevelt, as the first little boy, stood up all the politicians of his party in the great Republican convention at Chicago and made them play second little boy in a chorus. It would have been a cruel game if the second little boy hadn't been stretching clotheslines across the path for three years, and inviting the first little boy to foot races innumerable. Every time the first little boy has jumped over the line and has won the race; and every time he has appeared smiling at the outcome, returning good for evil; giving pie when they asked it and plums when he had them in his box. And after a race has been won fairly by the first little boy the members of "de gang" have retired behind the barn to put up another job on him. They had tried to give him the tarred end of the stick time and again. They have set him to digging for buried treasure in the barnyard—and he has found the real thing every time, missing the trap they set for him; they have taken him out snipe-hunting and he has brought home the snipe; they have tied his clothes and he has walked home in their clothes with his own under his arm. In the settlement of the coal strike, in Cuban reciprocity, in the fight for trust laws, in the Northern Securities lawsuit, in the tussle with Hanna over Ohio, in the nomination of Wood, in the retention of Bristow, in the Post-Office investigation, in the Panama Canal matter—in every important move the President has made he has had "de gang" in the alley against him. The politicians have believed sincerely that his luck would leave him and that in each new contest that he entered he would be whipped. There was, therefore, an element of poetic justice in the Chicago convention when the President, having the power of the people in his hands, and having laid and insulated his wires, pulled them and made the great organization of American politicians merely a manikin set to second the motion made by the people that the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt be unanimous. They bowed and scraped when he pulled the wires; they squeaked and rared most nobly; but there was the same easy spontaneity about the performance that there was to Mrs. Jarley's waxworks.

The Chicago convention of June 21, 1904, was the first national Republican convention held in years wherein every one could get a gallery seat who cared for it. There were empty seats to be had almost for the asking the first day, and, when the convention opened, hundreds of delegates' seats were vacant on the floor of the Colosseum. The newspapers had much to say about the enthusiasm of that first day. The real facts are that there was no enthusiasm. The cheering was mechanical. They cheered exactly a minute when Roosevelt's name was mentioned by Mr. Root, and exactly a minute for Hanna and a minute for McKinley. Evidently "de gang" was doing its cheering by the day and not by the piece, for it refused to put in an extra second on any lung-work to give it the finish and verisimilitude of genuine joy. It was coarse work, and deceived no one who heard it. The only burst of unadulterated joy that came from the convention greeted Cannon, who stands in Washington as the type of the old-fashioned "honest" politician, and whom the President's enemies openly worship as their political god.

A Sad Day for the Trouble Hunters

BUT it was Roosevelt's convention; though if there had been the shadow of a chance to defeat him or the ghost of a chance to embarrass him with a lame running mate or an impossible platform, a majority of the delegates at Chicago would have embraced it gladly. "De gang" was at the "party"; it had its best clothes on; it was going to play all the games and eat all the refreshments; but nevertheless, if any one started anything "de gang" was there to push the trouble along. Its enthusiasm was from the teeth out. When Roosevelt was nominated by ex-Governor Black, of New York—who, by the way, stuck the President so full of pins at the Periodical Publishers' banquet last April that he looked like a fretful porpentine; when Black nominated Theodore Roosevelt in an electric fountain of rhetorical icicles, the enthusiasm among the people who read the accounts of the demonstration was boundless. For Roosevelt has been preeminently the people's President. But the enthusiasm in the Colisseum hall was only a remarkable stage picture. One almost wondered who was the costumer. The galleries cheered heartily; for Chicago admires the President. The politicians who made up the bulk of the audience on the floor of the Colisseum had to do something; so they turned loose for twenty minutes. When they thought the amenities of the occasion had been satisfied, when they felt that it wouldn't make "talk" if they quit, they quit. Quay got a longer demonstration when he ran for President eight years ago against McKinley.

But back of this puppet show at Chicago were the people—who are always the real masters of the politicians. The people are for Roosevelt, and the politicians know it and obey. When McKinley was first nominated the people didn't care for him. They had no particular choice in the matter. But the politicians loved him. He was flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone; he could put his hand in his frock coat and stand up and look at the people and say nothing so easily and gracefully that the politicians worshiped him, and the McKinley demonstration by the politicians at St. Louis eight years ago was one of the sincerest things that has been seen in American politics for many years. Later the people came to love McKinley as he grew in power and grace and intellectual strength, and as he grew from a politician to a statesman; and the convention that nominated him four years ago was like the one that has just adjourned in Chicago—a mere mummery. And the newspapers then told the people what they wanted to have told to them—a fairy story in which McKinley was the prince and in which every one did him reverence. As a matter of fact, the enthusiasm at Philadelphia was creaky. It needed oiling. At Chicago this year it not merely needed oil to prevent the mechanical effects from displaying themselves, but needed some one to turn the crank a little longer. Twenty minutes is not long enough for a unanimous nomination, the climax of a year's certainty that the nomination would come.

Considerable criticism has been passed upon President Roosevelt in certain sources for the frank way in which he

has taken the people into his confidence in operating this convention. Other Presidents have operated other conventions as completely as Roosevelt operated the one at Chicago. But other Presidents have gone through the empty make-believe that they were keeping entirely out of it. They have pretended to be too busy to attend to the details which were at the time in their hands. They have said that it was for the people to say what the platform should be and who should be chairman of the national committee; and at the same time these other Presidents have been working with their might and main to secure the adoption of their platforms and to bring about the election of their choice for chairman. But Roosevelt has thrown aside pretense. He has fought in the open. If Mr. Cortelyou fails as chairman it will be Roosevelt's failure. He assumes the responsibility, and asks the people to be his witnesses. The platform, which, by the way, the President may never have seen, was as thoroughly in harmony with the President's views as though he had dictated it, word for word. Fairbanks was probably the President's choice for Vice-President. It was not possible to name a Vice-Presidential candidate in any way objectionable to Roosevelt. Four years ago they forced Roosevelt on McKinley, defeating Hanna and humiliating the powers in the White House. But strong as McKinley was with the people, and astute as he was in politics, he was not able to control the Philadelphia convention as Roosevelt controlled the convention at Chicago. Roosevelt's strength is in the very frankness which overnice people object to. He lets his wishes be so thoroughly understood that the people know when their servants, the politicians, are supporting the President or are disobeying orders. And the politicians toe the mark. Such bald candor as Roosevelt's has not been seen before in the White House since Jackson's time. And it would become unspeakable impudence if it were not for one thing: Roosevelt never asks the people or their servants for an improper thing. He asks for what he desires without fear because what he desires is decent. What other President could have put all his plans before all the people? Roosevelt's strength is that his desires are formed by a judgment counseled by as high a grade of moral perception as has been seen in the White House in this generation. He knows right from wrong. Not one man in a hundred does know right from wrong. Only men trained to perceive the right know it. Other Presidents made moral blunders of the most apparent kind before the people. The sense of the nation was often against them; for that sense is sound when it is organized. But with Roosevelt, in all his acts, public and private, since he has been before the people, there has been clearly marked a dominant moral intelligence, coupled with a moral courage that has astounded his enemies and put them to confusion. His audacity in appealing to the people during the past three years has been greeted with gleeful prophecies of his downfall. The politicians, for the most part having small moral perceptions, thought audacity was the sign of weakness—forgetting that audacity in the right is golden, and that mere impudence for the sake of winning is brass.

The Lesson of the Convention

IT MAKES little difference whether the politicians cheered for Roosevelt twenty-three minutes or twenty-four hours. When the people take the trouble to run this Government the opinion of the politicians, who are the machinery of government, is unimportant; for the politicians are merely chessmen. They can't move themselves. It is when the people leave the business of the country to the politicians that they are dangerous; and in the Chicago convention the politicians who filled all the delegations were powerless. The people had instructed the politicians for Roosevelt, and they had no political rights in that convention which a white man was bound to respect. And the lesson of the convention is this: That in the United States our political institutions are safe. The party system, which, turned over to spoilsmen, makes government corrupt, is always at hand to serve the purposes of decent government when the people care to use it. And more than this, the party system—though it often breeds corrupt men and holds them in power while the people are busy with other matters than politics—when a clean, honest man arises like Roosevelt, who is strong enough and brave enough to use the party machinery for good ends, the party system works as easily and effectively for good ends as it works for bad ends. The Chicago convention may be reproduced in any State or in any county in the nation. Whenever a man who is thoroughly unselfish, who is exactly honest, who is brave and will risk his political fortune for the right, and not care to win for the sake of a "vindication": whenever such a man rises among his neighbors, whether he is running for county clerk, for district judge, for Congressman or for Governor, if he uses horse-sense—as Roosevelt uses it with these other qualities—he need not fear the "corruption of politics." He need make no compromises with crooked men nor need he subscribe to crooked methods. The politicians won't like it; they will grumble and protest and sneer—even as they did at Roosevelt before he demonstrated that the people were with him; but once let a man get the confidence of the people, and the service of the politicians will be his for the asking. There is no boss so powerful that he can overcome the people. Bosses who rule corruptly rule because of the indifference of the people, not because the people are powerless. The party system must have some power to move it, and when the people lay down the lever the bosses take it up.

The people will see this clearly now—more clearly than they have seen it before. The Chicago convention will have a thousand miniatures. Clean men will be found coming to the front in every community. The value of Roosevelt to this country is not primarily his value for what he has done or for what he will do as a President, as the legal head of the Government. His highest value to the land is as an example. It is worth infinitely more to America to have the picture of a strong, sensible, honest man triumphing over corruption at the head of the nation, where the eyes of the young men may see him continually, than it is to have protection maintained, or the illegal trusts brought to time, or sound currency established. Government is good or bad as men who make the Government are good or bad. Laws merely reflect character; and, with the example before them of a clean, brave man winning, the character of the American people cannot fail to be uplifted. With character made stronger and wiser in America, the laws will take care of themselves.

Viewed in this light—in the light of a strong man winning in his fight for sheer decency—the Chicago convention is the most successful gathering that has been held on the American continent for a generation—even if the applause was merely claque and the cheers were largely perfunctory.

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

"It's Good to be Old if You Know How to Do"

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Some fifty year ago, ef I'd 'a' been tol'
Dat some fine day I'd be glad ter be ol',
I'd 'a' sassed um all, an' laughed in der face,
An' 'a' dar'd um ter run me a mile foot-race;
I'd 'a' up an' 'a' cut de pidjin-wing,
Kaze I allers felt like a colt in de spring;
I'd 'a' whirled in de a'r an' lit on my feet,
Fer when it come ter dat I couldn't be beat;
I'd 'a' grinned right at um—but now I know
Lots better dan I know'd some fifty year ago.

Kaze now I kin set right flat in my cheer,
An' call back de days fum year ter year—
An' wid no need ter call, kaze, time I sets down
Dey all comes a-flittin' an' a-flyin' roun';
An' all wid der Sunday doin's on,
An' all der troubles done clean gone,
An' I sets up wid um, er I draps ter sleep,
Glad fer ter git my fun so cheap;
It's de same ez a frolic—fer now I know
Lots better dan I know'd some fifty year ago.

No shade fer me! I kin set in de sun,
An' hear dem chillun, an' see um run;
An' over de hills when de day is long
I kin hear de plough-han's homin' song,
An' in de creek bottom—*go-bing! go-bang!*—
I kin hear de racket er de new-groun' gang,
An' it seem mighty quare dat it come ter pass,
Kaze chillun an' niggers is under de grass—
Dey er dar, dey er here, an' one thing sho,
I never would 'a' b'lieved it fifty year ago!

Little chillun die, an' you think dey er gone,
An' you weep an' wail wid de mournin' on;
Fambly an' frien's, dey er tooken, too,
An' it seem like de reaper won't never git thoo;
Bofe big an' little, bofe young an' ol',
Dey all got ter answer ter de call er de roll;
Dey answer an' go. Does you speck dat's all?
Is de oak tree sorry when de acorns fall?
Bless you, honey! I know what I know
Lots better dan I know'd some fifty year ago.

Dey all comes back, an' dey comes ter stay,
An' you has um wid you bofe night an' day—
An' I dunner whar yo' eyes ef you can't see
Dem chillun a-stan'in' right at my knee,

Wid shinin' eyes an' ha'r fallin' free,
One little gal, an' little boys three;
An' mos' eve'y day when de light gits pale
I ketch myse'f a-tellin' um a tale,
An' I goes on an' tells it—fer now I know
Lots better dan I know'd some fifty year ago.

"Unc' Remus! Unc' Remus!" dey hollers at me,
"Please tell 'bout de Rabbit what clomb de tree!"
An' den dey laugh an' clap der han's,
Wid "Dis is de way dat Brer B'ar stan's!"
An' den dey mingles wid de chillun dat's new,
An' I gits so dazed I dunner what ter do;
An' when dey plays at hidin' switch
I scratches my head ter tell t'other fum which,
An' I never could tell ef I didn't know
Lots mo' dan I know'd some fifty year ago.

Some fifty year ago, ef I'd 'a' been tol'
Dat some fine day I'd be glad ter be ol',
Dey'd 'a' been a quoil; yit I'm sholy glad,
Fer I can't make a move but it's "Please wait, Dad!"
"Run, git Daddy's hat!" "Run, git Daddy's cane!"
"Come, bresh Daddy's coat!" "Ain't you 'fraid it'll rain?"
I waits fer it all, an' den I has ter wait
Twel some un um runs an' opens de gate!
An' it makes me laugh—fer now I know
Lots mo' dan I know'd some fifty year ago.

An' it's des dat a-way, day in an' day out,
Eve'y time I turn 'roun', eve'y time I walk about;
No matter when I come, no matter when I go,
It's des like dancin' ter Jim-along-Joe!
It's des like skippin' ter Jim-along-Jeems,
All day when I'm 'wake, all night when I dreams!
Dey er playin' close by, no matter whar I stan',
An' when I doze off dey er holdin' my han';
Dey er allers wid me—kaze now I know
Lots better dan I know'd some fifty year ago!

FUSEE REDIVIVUS

A Tale of Nimble Wits and Heavy Hearts

By W. A. FRASER

"MY WORD! 'ERE, 'AVE A CHEROOT, CAP'N"

IT WAS a leaden rupee—two of them—that drew Jack Hichins, proprietor of the Adelphi Hotel, in Rangoon, Mr. Billy Mitchell, bookmaker, and Captain "Jim" Fenwick together in the matter of the Pagoda Hurdles.

Coincident with keeping hotel, Hichins kept everything else he could lay his hands on. He was seven kinds of a "close un," giving away nothing but a professional smile to his customers. "They don't git the start of ol' Jack 'Ichins" was his anthem of self-praise. He was right; they, the public, didn't.

Captain Jim had been in the Lancers. A captious friend had described Captain Jim as a man with a champagne appetite and a beer income. At any rate, the Marquis of Hastings, in the old Hermit days, never went the pace any faster than did Captain Jim while the money lasted. Now he was down and out, papers sent in, and all the rest of it. Like Mr. Micawber, he was waiting for something to turn up; and, still more like Micawber, had a two-months' reckoning chalked up on the Adelphi slate.

Mitchell was a New Yorker and a bookmaker, which, in a matter such as follows, means more than enough. He had heard the hotelkeeper's war cry of "They don't 'ave ol' Jack" until he became possessed of a desire to test the matter. So he acquired three leaden rupees down in the bazar, and, with Captain Jim, lined up against the little bar of the Adelphi behind which was generally to be found Mr. Hichins.

When Mitchell passed up a leaden rupee in payment for the two pegs the proprietor's fingers detected the fraud. "Wot, again, Mitchell? Ha, ha! My word, you're a 'ot un!" he commented.

With an apology, and in great duplicity, the little bookmaker passed up another illegal tender, which Mr. Hichins, without looking at, gayly swept into the till.

There was a curious little spider's-parlor room at the end of the bar in which the proprietor's wife, Rose, generally sat. It was a great place for opening wine; and now the laughter brought madam forth.

"Ah!" the gallant Mitchell exclaimed, "your husband just had the laugh on me. Will you join us in drowning the merriment—and you, too, Jack?"

That round got away with another leaden rupee.

"You don't 'ave ol' Jack; but 'ere's to you," Hichins toasted.

But that night, as he counted the day's spoil, sitting beside Rose in the little spider's parlor, he suddenly stopped and rubbed between thumb and finger a metal disk that was greasy to the touch; impatiently he rang it on the teakwood table—it gave back a hollow, mocking cough; there was no jingle of merriment in its echoed tap on the hard wood.

"'Eavens! Rose; that Yankee bookmaker 'as been an' 'ad me—'ad ol' Jack. Don't say nothink; we'll jus' tally it hup agin 'im, an' git it back promiscuous like when 'e comes to pay 'is *chits*."

And presently in the count Hichins came by the twin child of the coiner's art, the other bad rupee. As Rose said afterward, "'Ichins took on somethink orful."

"I'll 'ave 'im for this; an' that 'ere Cap'n Jim!—two months an' I ain't seen the color o' 'is coin. Hout 'e goes to-morrer!"

The next day Hichins buckled into Captain Fenwick; but the latter declared stoutly enough that he was entirely innocent. The American had asked him to have a social glass, and that's all there was to it.

"Well, it's jus' like this, Cap'n; I lays there las' night figurin' hout 'ow I's goin' to git heven—'e's a bookmaker, ain't 'e, Cap'n?"

"You know he is, Mr. Hichins."

"An' you know some'at about 'orses——"

"I've paid a bit for the knowledge, by Jove!"

"Well, now, I orter git rusty 'bout this—git bloomin' rusty; but I hain't goin' to. I wants you to 'elp me, Cap'n—jus' work a nice gentleman's game of gittin' heven, see?"

"By Jove! delighted—I have leisure and inclination; your servant, *pro tem.*, Signor Hichins."

"Eh, wot? well, well! 'Andsome is as 'andsome does. We'll see. Now, it's jus' this way: I hain't never bet a rupee on a 'orse sence I lef' ol' Lunnon—not sayin' as I didn't 'ave a bob hon when I was a boy at 'ome. It's a couple o' weeks till the races comes hoff 'ere, an' I arsks you, Cap'n, to find hout some bloomin' pony as is a sure thing, see? an' let me know, an' I'll 'ave a bit on wi' Mr. Mitchell, as is so 'andy wi' 'is dummy coins."

"There never was a *sure thing* in racing, Hichins."

"Look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n—I hain't contracted the bar at the race meet ten years for nothink; I sees many a rum go, I tell 'ee. I've seen some of the surest things—well, jus' as sure to come off as the Lord Mayor's show in Lunnon: needn't tell me as 'ow it ain't all cut an' dried at the Gymkhana Club, the night afore, wot's goin' to win."

"By Jove! hardly that bad, Hichins——"

"Look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n, I knows wot swells is when they're racin'; I've 'eard 'em talk hup at the bar on the course when the wine 'ad loosened 'em hup. I'd be 'andlin' the coin, Cap'n, see? an' keepin' a heye hon the *kitmutgar* as 'ow they didn't loot heverything, but ol' Jack's ears 'd be takin' it all in. Didn't Shakespeare say that when people 'ad got the wine in they'd hout wi' heverything? Needn't tell me as 'ow the races isn't fixed wi' 'em gent riders."

Captain Jim sighed. It was the old story of the man who knows nothing about racing considering everybody connected with it a thief. "What do you want me to do, then, Hichins?"

"Well, you're pretty good friends wi' the hofficers; an' I sees you 'ere along o' Mr. Keyes an' Mr. Morgan; they allers got plenty good 'orses. You jus' find hout one as is goin' to win, see? an' I'll git a bet wi' this man as is so 'andy wi' 'is lead rupees; an' p'raps I'll wipe the sponge hover the slate as betwixt me an' you. Of course, Cap'n, if we finds hout somethink afore the races comes hoff, mos' like as 'ow the Yank'll give me pretty good hodds, see?"

Captain Jim promised to do what he could for the avaricious Boniface whose faith in his ability to pick a "sure thing" was childlike in its simplicity.

Hichins offered the Captain his phaeton, drawn by Ned, a mouse-colored Burman pony, for use in visiting the racecourse; but Captain Jim muttered to himself: "Here am I, Captain Fenwick of the Slashers, that was, commissioned tout to his Highness, 'Jack 'Ichins,' keeper of a pub; but I'm jolly well d——d if I ride to the course in a clothes-basket. The chaps *would* guy me—I might as well turn *dhobie* at once."

Then he borrowed a saddle, and left the phaeton at home. That was the next morning after Hichins had confided his brilliant plan. And when Captain Jim returned to breakfast at nine o'clock he asked the hotelkeeper to come into his room.

"You don't mean to say as 'ow you've got one o' the right sort a'ready, Cap'n," the latter said as he took a chair.

"You've got him yourself, Hichins."

"'Ow d'you make that hout—I hain't 'eard nothink good? Them bloomin' jockey boys as is stoppin' in the 'ouse—I never listens to what they says."

"Your pony, Ned, is one of the most natural fencers I ever threw a leg across."

"Wot! ol' Ned jump?"

"Rather! He simply takes them in his stride. And he's been raced, too. Where did you get him, Hichins?"

"Bought 'im from a Burman for a 'undred rupees—he never raced none."

"Yes, he has—somewhere. I'll tell you about it. I was cantering around the course this morning when Halliday came racing by on the inside—on the hurdle schooling course, you know. They haven't strung the ropes yet, and there are only the posts. As Halliday went by in a strong gallop on Slowcoach——"

"My word! that's a good 'orse, Slowcoach."

"Yes, he's a winner here. Well, before I could get a pull at my mount's head he had whisked in between the posts to the hurdle course, and was after Halliday's mount like a hound chasing a hare. By Jove! Hichins, really he's got a mouth like a bullock. Pull him? hardly! I sat tight for a cropper. 'Pon my word, don't you know, I was actually in a beastly funk. I thought when he'd strike the first jump he'd never raise at it, but would bally well break his legs. It was riding for a fall, I can tell you, Hichins."

"My word! it were. Why didn't you jump off 'im?"

"I held him together a bit—there was no use sawing his head just as we were coming to the mud wall, so I sat down in the saddle, took hold of his head, and waited."

"Wot 'appened, Cap'n?" Hichins was excited. He had a curious habit of pulling nervously at his thin, sharp nose when deeply interested. He had now flicked it to a bright red.

"What happened? Why, Ned flew the jump like a bird. By Jove! he did; never saw such a 'lepper' in my life, never! I saw Voluptuary win the Grand National, and Roquefort win it the year following—that's six years ago, Hichins—but I'll give you my head for a football if your pony didn't take his jumps to-day cleaner and better than either of them. Of course, the jumps here are smaller."

"My word! An' then, Cap'n, wot 'appened?" The thin nose got three sharp tweaks from thumb and finger.

"Why, I took a double wrap on the reins, braced myself in the stirrups, 'pon honor I did, and tried to keep him behind Slowcoach."

"'Eavens! be'ind Slowcoach! You don't mean to say as 'ow 'e could catch 'Alliday's pony—an' hover the jumps, too?"

"Did catch him, I assure you, sir—in spite of me. And when he'd done that he let me have his head as gentle as a lamb—he was satisfied."

"Did 'e, now; weren't 'e clever. Ol' Ned did all that; 'ave somethink to drink, Cap'n?"

"So you see, Hichins, he's raced before; Ned knows what it means to win. Probably where he's been owned, in some Burman village, he used to clean out all the other ponies. He's a bally smart one, I assure you."

"My word! 'Ere, 'ave a cheroot, Cap'n. That's a Trichi—a good un. Well, well! Then you comes 'ome, eh? 'Scuse me for callin' it 'ome, Cap'n, but it do seem a bit like 'ome to you, don't it? Rose says to me jus' to-day, says she: 'Cap'n Fenwick is jus' like my brother 'Arry at 'ome.' Rose's took a great notion to you, Cap'n. Wot say 'ee—shall we 'ave another tot o' bran'? But go on, Cap'n; you was a-ridin' Ned——"

"Yes, I got off the course in bally quick order, I tell you. You've got a corking good chance to make a grand *coup*."

"Make a wot, Cap'n?"

"Win a lot of money. Your pony's good and hard through having been driven steadily, and will soon round to."

"YOU HALF-BRED SWEEP!"

"Wot race'll we put 'im in, Cap'n? I says we, 'cause of course we works this together. Ha, ha! rare bit of sport for ol' Ned to up wi' 'is lip an' wipe hoff the slate 'twixt me an' you, ain't it, Cap'n?"

"I've got a program for the week's races, Hichins; here it is, and there's the very race for your crock—the Pagoda Hurdles: For Burman ponies; ponies thirteen hands to carry ten stun; maidens allowed ten pounds; ponies that have never started in a hurdle race allowed fourteen pounds; and penalties for winning."

"Wot does that all figger hout at, Cap'n?"

"Well, your pony, never having started, would pick up nine stun; and Slowcoach—he's won two or three times—would have to carry about ten stun ten."

"Would 'e now? My word! Cap'n, you do git it 'andy like."

"By Jove! your gee-gee can beat the other at those weights, or I'm a downy-lipped griffin, that's all."

"Could 'e now, really? My, my! Jus' fancy Ned a-doin' all that arter totin' me an' Rose round Rangoon, quiet like, in the phaeton. Won't I 'ave to buy a saddle or blanket for 'im, or somethink, if 'e's goin' to be a race'orse—an' 'ire one of 'em jockey boys to feed 'im?"

"Hichins, your knowledge of the racing game is as nebulous as my dear, old, fat Colonel's idea of war. You are sophisticated to a high degree in the art of mine host, but you could own Galopin, or even old Eclipse, and with your rudimentary turf experience never win a race in Rangoon. Rangoon, sir, is a gentleman's meeting, therefore bally difficult."

"That's wot I says about these gents. Let's 'ave your hidea as to 'ow we orter work this, Cap'n?"

"Just leave it to me, and you play banker. By Jove! we'll make them sit up."

"Put in the rupees, eh? Wot'll all that cost, Cap'n?"

"Devilish little—all but the betting; you can go as far as you like in that. You've got a bally good chance to break the bookies, that's what you've got. Drive the pony in the phaeton, the same as usual, and I'll gallop him out in the paddy fields; there're plenty of bunds to jump there. In the evening I can give him a turn on the course. Nobody'll tumble."

"My word, Cap'n, that's clever. An' I 'ooks Mr. Bookmaker Mitchell for a bet some day as 'e's in 'ere pretty fresh, eh. Ain't that the caper? Sort o' charf 'im 'bout puttin' ol' Ned in for a race'orse."

"Yes. By Jove! he'll lay you a hundred to one, and it's about an even-money chance that you win the Pagoda Hurdles with that pull in the weight."

"Who'll ride 'im, Cap'n? P'rhaps the jockey boy won't try to win—an' you're too 'envy."

"Dick Richmond's as straight as a string; he used to ride for me when I was—well, when I carried a sabre in her Majesty's service. We can depend on Dick."

"Look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n—close bargains makes close friends, I allus allows. I'll get a big bet outen Mitchell, and you has a quarter hin everythink—'ow's that?"

"That'll do, Hichins; and the slate rubbed off, eh?"

"All right. I'll see as 'ow Mr. Mitchell don't pay 'is bet in lead rupees, too—I'll teach 'im to 'ave Jack 'Ichins."

That afternoon the proprietor of the Adelphi wandered up and down the main street of Rangoon sitting in his phaeton behind the sturdy pony, Ned. To the casual observer his movements were aimless and devoid of purpose; in actuality he was fishing—he was angling for Mr. Bookmaker Mitchell.

About five o'clock the layer of odds rattled up to the Adelphi in a gharry. The proprietor of the hotel was ostentatiously flicking the dust from Ned's ribs with his handkerchief.

"You ought to use a silk wipe for that, Jack," Mitchell drawled. "He looks a rare-blooded one, doesn't he?"

"Well, well; do 'e now, Mr. Mitchell? Ol' Ned could go faster 'n some of 'em race'orses they loses money hover—I'm blowed if 'e can't!"

"He looks it, Hichins. Why don't you put him in training, and start him? One of the winners of the Grand National, Moonraker, was bought out of a butcher's cart."

"Well, well; was 'e now? I hain't never give it no thought. P'raps I might make a race'orse of Ned."

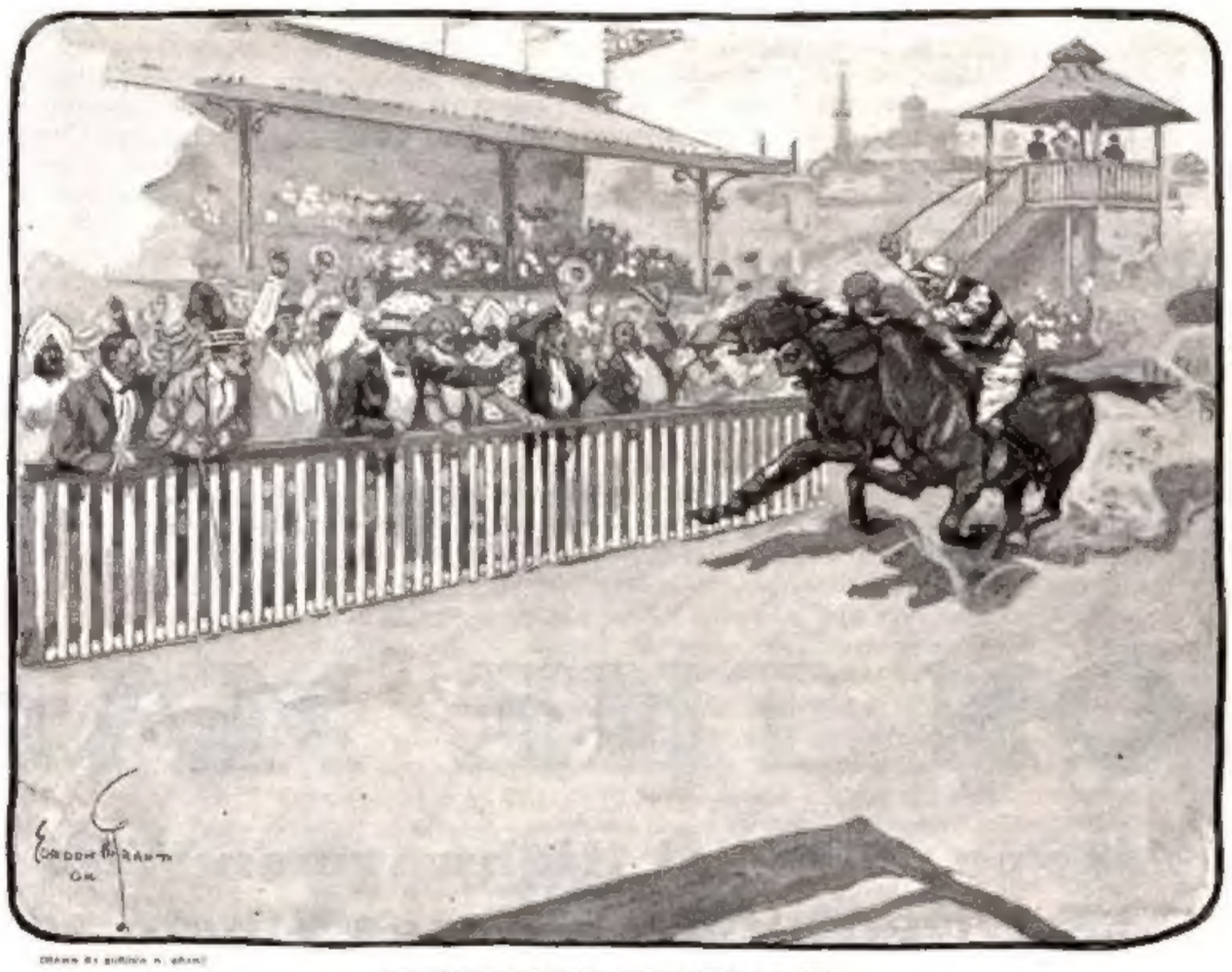
A small group of sahibs sitting on the veranda were enjoying hugely Mitchell's chaffing of old Hichins. The little bookmaker winked at them and continued: "Hear that, boys? I knew Hichins was a sport. You start your pony at this meeting, Jack, and I'll lay fifty to one against him; there now!"

"My word! will 'ee now?"

"Take him up, Hichins. Don't let him bluff you. It's a good bet, if you do lose."

"I s'pose ol' Ned's best at pullin' me an' Rose in the phaeton," Hichins retorted, turning the horse over to the syce and disappearing into the hotel.

The men on the veranda laughed. But then they didn't hear the host whisper to Rose in the little room at the end of the bar: "My word! I got 'im goin'. 'E'll come back to-night wi' more charf, an' I'll snap 'im up. 'E'll think I've 'ad a drop too much o' the drink."



HE WAS NURSING HIM LIKE A BABE

Hichins was a rare judge of human nature; he played men as an angler plays a trout. And, as he had prophesied, that night the bookmaker and two or three friends took up with exuberance the little matter of starting old Ned in a race.

As the roasting went on Hichins appeared to come more and more under the influence of anger and drink, until finally he declared emphatically that "'e would take the bloomin' bet; they weren't goin' to stump 'im."

"You're a 'igh crower, Mr. Bookie," Hichins said (and his shrewd gray eyes narrowed a little in their lids); "blow me if I don't see 'ow game you be. 'Ere you are, me 'earty, cover that!" And he shoved a crisp one-hundred-rupee note upon the bar, nodded, and tweaked his nose impatiently.

The bookmaker's eyes opened in astonishment; then he laughed derisively—everybody did. Surely old man Hichins must have been hitting the bottle pretty hard when he had commenced throwing hundred-rupee notes away.

"What's this for, Jack?" Mitchell asked, picking up the certificate and examining it.

"'Tain't a flimsy; it don't call for no lead rupees—it's a little love letter from me sayin' as 'ow my ol' plug, Ned, 'll win a race at the Rangoon meet."

"Good for you, Hichins!" a bystander cried. "You've got to make good, Mitchell."

"That'll settle the question as to who's bluffin'," the proprietor declared, winking at the little audience.

"I'll call it," the bookmaker retorted, half angrily. "All the same, I don't want to take your money, Jack. Old Ned couldn't raise a gallop if his tail was on fire."

"Don't 'ee fret erbout me an' Ned—I reckons we've both cut hour heye teeth. Jus' write out a ticket fifty to one ag'in that 'ere 'undred as 'ow Ned don't win a race at the meetin'. 'Ow much is that, gents?"

"Five thousand to a hundred," Mitchell answered; "but I don't lay against a horse for a whole meeting. Pick your race—you might find a race with only a couple of entries, and, well, it might so happen that the other horses would get an attack of the slows, Jack."

"Seems to me as 'ow you're crawlin' a bit, Mr. Mitchell."

"No; that's business; I'll lay against him for any race you choose to name, and that's all I will do."

"'Ow's that, gents—call that fair?" the proprietor appealed to the listeners.

The audience decided that the bookmaker's demand was reasonable.

"All right, gents; I bows to the verdict. Let me see. Ned's a pretty long-legged 'orse, an' p'raps 'e ain't none too fast—'e orter go well in one of 'em fence races; yes, my word! I picks one of 'em races hover the fences."

"Hurdle race, Hichins," a man suggested.

"Which hurdle race do you choose, Jack?" the bookmaker asked. "There's the 'Burman Hurdles,' the 'Rangoon Hurdles,' the 'Pagoda Hurdles,' all at a mile, for Burman ponies."

"The Pagodie 'Urdles sounds all right—make it the Pagodie 'Urdles, thank 'ee."

"Well, there's your ticket, five thousand to a hundred, John Hichins'—what's his color, Jack?"

"He's mos' like a mole, 'pears to me."

"Jack Hichins' mouse-colored phaeton pony for the Pagoda Hurdles." Then Mitchell added with a little laugh: "You're a pretty hot member, Jack, and if I made the ticket out simply 'Ned,' you might have another Ned in the stable there. Now, I'll bet you another five thousand to a hundred that you don't win."

"Blowed if I don't go you—you don't bluff ol' Jack, I tell 'ee."

And to the bookmaker's astonishment the proprietor shoved another hundred-rupee note under his nose, and when he had pocketed the little pasteboard came back with "Want any more of it, Mitchell?"

"No, thanks; I'm done."

In justice to the bookmaker it may be said he was convinced that Hichins was really much drunker than he appeared to be.

"Now, 'ave a drink on the 'ouse," the proprietor said; and when they had charged their glasses he added, as toast, "'Ere's to ol' Ned, Rose's phaeton 'orse, as is to win the Pagodie 'Urdles!"

Then the bookmaker ordered a round; and, as is the way of men, soldier after soldier stepped into the breach, until, at closing time, the proprietor confided to madam that he had got back at least twenty rupees already in the way of trade. "Wot with the charfin' hover this bet, an' fellers a-comin' to talk erbout it, we'll 'ave it hall back agin race day—the bet'll stand me nothink."

For a week Captain Jim schooled old Ned. Then he said to the hotelkeeper: "We'll just give the pony a gallop on the course, the Pagoda Hurdles distance. I've arranged with Morgan to try Ned with his pony, Schoolboy. Schoolboy is just about as good as Slowcoach. We'll put up the weights they'll carry in the race, and if Ned can win the trial handily he'll land the Pagoda Hurdles. I'll put Richmond up with nine stun—Ned's weight. We'll try them at peep o' day, and take a chance of not being seen. But it won't matter much, for you've got a jolly big bet. Morgan will keep it dark for his own interest."

Ned won the trial, with probably seven pounds in hand; and Hichins could see that the ten thousand was as good as landed.

Captain Jim thought they had pulled off the gallop unobserved; but in the grandstand there slept a tout retained by Mitchell for the purpose of assisting unobtrusively at just such functions as this little trial. The tout recognized Schoolboy, Morgan and Fenwick; and by following, at a distance, the unknown winner of the trial to the hotel stable he perfected the knowledge which he presently turned in to his employer.

A flood of unpleasant light illumined the bookmaker's mind. It was probably a plant of clever Captain Jim's; the driving of the pony in the phaeton was perhaps all a blind. At any rate, they had roped him for a big bet at fifty to one against a horse that had shown a trial good enough to win. He might get the bet off; there was just a chance.

That evening he said jocularly to the hotelkeeper, "Here's your two hundred, Jack; I guess that little joke of ours is carried far enough, eh?"

"Oh, we hain't 'ad a laugh yet, Mitchell. Jus' keep it by 'ee, an' I'll take it along o' the ten thousand. An' mind 'ee, no lead uns this time!"

The words had a little ring of mirth, but the red-gray eyes, much like an animal's, held a cunning look of victory.

Mitchell tried several little bluffs which Hichins parried easily. Finally the bookmaker, starting at a hundred, wound up by offering Ned's owner five hundred rupees to have the bet canceled. His eagerness to settle only increased the other's satisfaction with things as they were.

"We'll settle, Mr. Mitchell, the day arter the Pagodie 'Urdles. I got the account all toted up on that 'ere card of yourn—you keeps two 'undred or I gits ten thousand; an' no lead rupees this time, me bucko."

Later, Hichins sat for an hour with Rose after closing time, planning what he would do with the ten thousand that was as good as won. He would build a billiard-room and bowling-alley adjoining the hotel.

"My word! Rose," he said, "I was too heasy wi' Captain Jim—'e gits two thousand five 'undred for nothink; 'e don't

take no chances. 'Tain't fair; I mus' see erbout this. It'll take nigh the 'ole bloomin' ten thousand to build that alley. 'Tain't fair—'tain't fair!" and he tweaked his nose impatiently, as though that sharp member had been at fault in making the bargain.

"'Ullo! there's Cap'n Jim goin' to bed. Come in, Cap'n, an' 'ave somethink afore goin' to roost. 'Ow's Ned doin'?"

"Fit as a fiddle. He's a corking fine doer in the stable."

"Wot do I get out'n this, 'Ichins?" Rose asked, winking at Fenwick.

"Cap'n 'll 'ave to make you a present of a di'mond ring, I reckon," the husband answered.

"If it comes off I get a trip home to old England," Fenwick said, ignoring the little matter of the jewel. "I've booked passage for next month on the head of it, anyway."

"I say, Cap'n, you're gittin' too much out o' this thing—I takes all the risks. Me an' Rose was sayin' jus' afore you come in that you'd be doin' right 'andsome if you got a thousand. Wot say 'ee, Cap'n, a thousand if you win, eh?"

"Three-quarters o' a loaf is better than none, Hichins, isn't it?"

"'Ow's that, Cap'n—where do that work in?"

"Think it over—that's a good chap; I'm going to bed. Madam, I'm witness that Hichins said you ought to have a diamond ring out of it—don't let him forget."

Half-way up the stairs Captain Jim called "Hichins!" And as the latter stood in the door of the spider's parlor the Captain drawled sleepily: "I'll give you a pointer in the racing game: never try to cut the fees of your trainer or your jockey; it's devilish bad business—it's a losing game. Think it over. Good-night."

For a day Hichins walked about, figuratively jingling in his pocket the ten thousand rupees that seemed as great a certainty as anything in racing could be. Captain Jim could have everything he wanted in the mean time; there was nothing in the house too good for him.

As Ned's form had been exposed in the trial, Fenwick put him boldly to work on the course, with the result that the second day from the morning of the trial he had some startling information for his principal.

"By Jove! old man," he commenced, "I'm afraid we're at check; in our hurry we've overrun the scent a bit."

"Wot's up, Cap'n? Blow me if I knows wot yer drivin' at."

"It's devilish simple, Hichins; your pony, Ned, turns out to be one Fusee, that won half-a-dozen hurdle races up at Thayetmayo."

"Well, well; did 'e now, Cap'n? That's bloomin' good, ben't it—shows 'e's a race'orse?"

"Yes; and it also indicates that you'll never finger a rupee of Mitchell's big bet, and that I'll go right on frying in this pagoda-dotted hades."

Hichins' face paled, and he tweaked his nose furiously. "Wot's that, Cap'n—won't they let 'im start jus' cause 'e's won? Mos' like it's all lies, anyway, 'bout 'is bein' a race-'orse."

"No, he's Fusee right enough—Summers twigged him this morning on the course; he showed me two or three marks—knows him like a book. He can start in the race all right, because the entries are not closed yet; it's just a question of weight, that's all. As Ned, never having started in a hurdle race, he was allowed fourteen pounds, which made his weight nine stun; now he loses that, and puts up ten pounds for his wins, which makes him carry ten stun ten. And, besides, Summers tells me that, though he can go like the very devil under a light weight, a heavy weight stops him. And I believe it; he's a herring-gutted brute, not well ribbed up, and as long-legged as a camel. He's got too much daylight under him for a weight-carrier."

"'Eavens above! does that mean as 'ow 'e hain't got no sort o' chance to git first?"

"If there's anything in the principles of racing that's about what it comes to."

"An' I'm to lose two 'undred—two 'undred rupees. Seems as 'ow you've sort o' made a mess o' this, Cap'n. You've been runnin' a score 'ere for hover two months, an' now, when I goes in along o' you to 'elp wipe off the slate, it costs me two 'undred more."

"Awfully sorry, by Jove! it *is* hard lines; but you've got to take a chance when you go racing, Hichins."

"I weren't goin' racin'; I sort o' let you 'andle ol' Ned, thinkin' to wipe out that score. I was jus' a-kiddin' Mitchell along o' that bet there. I didn't want to take no ten thousand off'n 'im. I best tell 'im so right away, an' git the bet hoff; 'e's jus' mean 'nough if 'e 'eard anythink to want to stick me for that two 'undred. A man as 'll pass lead rupees in the way of a joke ain't to be trusted; is 'e, now, Cap'n?"

(Continued on Page 21)

"MEN ON THE MARKET"

A Type of Social Highwayman Who Far Outshines the Stage Villain

By JAMES L. FORD

WHEN the pot boils the scum comes to the surface, and when the lid of the pot is lifted the public is sure to get a whiff of its contents.

The lid came off during the Lexow investigation in New York, not many years ago, when that most picturesque and diverting of witnesses, a young Chinese-American crook, let fall the words "come-on" and "come-back," both common enough in the vocabulary of his kind, and then explained that the one signified a farmer who had *come on* to New York to buy counterfeit money or a gold brick, and the other one who, having been swindled, had *come back* for purposes of recovery and revenge.

Recently we got another peep in a London courtroom in which a case for slander was being heard. In the course of this action Mr. Edward Drew, the chief inspector of the Vine Street Station, which is situated in the heart of the West End, was questioned as to the reputation of one of the principals. Mr. Drew is a well-built, soldierly-looking man, with clear eyes, and hair just beginning to turn gray. It is his business to keep those clear eyes of his on the many suspicious characters who frequent the gayest quarters of London town. As befits a man in his position he is simple and direct in speech and not given to wordy talk; but all London grasped the significance of the terse phrase with which he summed up the character of the bookmaker and card-sharper.

"He is one of the men on the market," said Mr. Drew, and straightway a phrase absolutely new to the world at large leapt from the exclusive vocabulary of the Vine Street force, and took its place in the current language of the town.

So huge a place is London, so vast and varied its population, and so many the densely peopled square miles comprised within its limits, that it is not easy for the uninformed stranger to comprehend the importance of the part that this little police station, tucked away in an absurd byway, just off Regent Street, plays in the work of regulating the town and protecting life and property, or of what it means to become listed in its records as one of those "men on the market," whose faces are more familiar to the frequenters of fashionable theatres and restaurants than are their records.

London contains nearly 700 square miles and has a population of 6,500,000 human beings. A fertile field, indeed, and a large one as well, for the operations of an expert swindler and card-sharper, where, after all, there are but a few thousand among its millions of inhabitants who may be rated as pigeons worth the plucking, and every one of these has his roost, or feeding-ground, or place for fluttering up and down, within two square miles of the 700 that comprise the area of the capital, and these two square miles form the district that lies directly under the clear, watchful eyes of Chief Inspector Drew and his men. It is here that the broughams and victorias, with their sleek horses and liveried servants, dash to and fro; it is here that the shops tempt by day and the theatres, music-halls and gambling-houses by night; it is here that the few first-class restaurants that London possesses are to be found; it is here, and here only within the boundaries of all London, that a man on the market may eat, drink and be merry. No wonder, then, that the young aristocrat just come into his inheritance, the newly-enriched city man, the dissolute noble from Eastern Europe and the free-handed millionaire from over the seas, all bend their steps toward this sunny spot that blossoms even under the blackest of London fogs. And with them come, too, the vast swarm of human wolves, jackals and birds of prey with white, ravening teeth eager to tear asunder and devour. Foremost in this great hunt we find those men on the market of whom the police inspector spoke, and of whom Thackeray's Hon. Mr. Deuceace is, perhaps, the best example known to modern literature.

For years we in America have known these men on the market intimately through the medium of the melodrama, but we have always laughed heartily in full accord with Mr. Jerome's Stageland at their pretensions. Indeed, the stage villain with the Inverness coat and the eternal cigarette, well groomed, polite in manners, desperate when brought to bay, and absolutely heartless at all times, has long been a laughing-stock to all except the most ingenuous of theatre-goers; but now not even those persons of huge intellectual development who despise what they call "mere stage carpentery," and think that it sounds well to talk about a play that is "a slice of life," need make the villain of melodrama a subject for ribald laughter, for now he has been revealed to us in the flesh, and, as a villain, capable of going to greater lengths than any mere writer of Drury Lane melodramas ever dared dream of.

Here was a villain who lived at the best hotels, or in luxurious chambers of his own, wore even finer apparel than the worst stage villain was ever known to affect, and was for years a familiar figure in the grandstands of the different race-courses and the most expensive resorts in London. Consider for a moment the life history of this man, and the imagination of even the most gifted writer of melodrama seems dull and crude in comparison. For this villain owned one of the best racing stables in London and is said to have refused 40,000 guineas for one of his horses, the wonderful mare that won the Two Thousand Guineas and the One Thousand Guineas in the same year. This villain won $25,000 at Monte Carlo from a continental nobleman; slapped an English peer in the face in a Melbourne racing club; gained access to one of the most aristocratic clubs in London; induced a lady of title, the daughter of a marquis, to elope with him two days before the date set for her marriage to a gentleman of high social station; was actually presented at the exclusive court of Queen Victoria, and did it all at a time when he was known to Inspector Drew and under the constant surveillance of Vine Street as one of the men on the market.

And, when we consider the fact that the London police cannot arrest and detain notorious evildoers as suspicious characters after the manner of the New York force, it will be seen that this surveillance must, perforce, be of a stricter and more careful nature, and the knowledge of character much more intimate and complex, than would be considered necessary in America.

I confess now, with feelings of acute shame, that for years I have added my feeble note to the general chorus of ridicule with which the time-honored stage villain, with his evening dress, his cigarette and his Inverness coat, have been assailed; but, in the light of the testimony of Vine Street regarding the men on the market, I must admit that Sims and Raleigh and Sutton-Vane have drawn with an honest hand, and, although perhaps unknowing, have given us in their lurid pictures of stage villainy something much more like a "slice of life" than we have been able to believe.

Nearly every one of these men on the West End market comes of good family and has been educated at good schools; many of them are university men, and not a few the younger sons of aristocratic families. I know, as a matter of fact, that a peer of the realm and the owner of one of the most beautiful forests in the kingdom was for years under the espionage of Vine Street as a man on the market.

Not long ago I stood at the door of an old Elizabethan manor house and looked out on the broad park, with its avenue of noble trees, and the richly-wooded rolling country that lay beyond; and, with the humming of the bees and the clear notes of the birds in my ears, and the rich perfume of the flowers in my nostrils, I wondered if it could be possible for any one born and bred under such influences to go altogether to the bad; yet there are scores of such stately old homes scattered about the land in which white-haired, sad-faced women are still shedding tears over the boy who turned out a "wrong 'un" and became one of the men on the market.

Curiously enough, the good Englishman who goes wrong becomes the most expert swindler and conscienceless scoundrel on the face of the earth, whereas his American counterpart remains either a victim of sharpers, or a fleecer of and dependent on women, both good and bad, to the very end of his life. Social philosophers have endeavored in many ways to account for the superiority of the British sharper of high estate over our native article, but my own opinion is that it is because of his early training in the cold-blooded and selfish game of society, as played under the rules of the London social prize ring, that the Briton has the advantage.

The elder son often has sufficient nerve and courage—as we in America well know—to ask for a check on account a month or two before the day fixed for his wedding to an American heiress, and to cash the same at his father-in-law's bank at ten o'clock the next morning. And if the pampered and prosperous elder son can do this, or keep the bride waiting at the altar while the papers drawn up by his lawyer are being duly signed and witnessed, what will not a desperate and bankrupt younger son of the same noble race do under the spur of necessity?

The penniless youngster of luxuriant tastes, who is pitchforked into society at an early age, is not unlikely to find

himself called upon before long to choose between card-sharping and a parasitical or matrimonial career as a means of livelihood

So long as he keeps within bounds—and to do English society justice they are very liberal ones where the brother of a great nobleman is concerned, for there is no telling when he may succeed—the younger son can have his share of the best that England offers—the best hunting, the best fishing, the best dining, the best of everything that comes under the heading of hospitality. By playing a "careful" game of bridge he can add materially to his slender income, and, by gathering about him a choice circle of men and women who are willing to lose money to him for the sake of the social favors within his bestowal, he can even put aside something for a rainy day. Moreover, so long as his social connections are good and there is any prospect whatever of his succession to the title, he can find in a rich marriage that peace of mind and physical luxury that money alone can bestow

But let this younger son once yield to temptation and go wrong and he will find society very stern and unforgiving—unless, of course, he should be next in line to his elder brother and that elder brother hopelessly childless, in which case the social condemnation would be tempered with much mercy.

But once over the borderland of respectability he must take his place among the men on the market who are the object of so much paternal solicitude on the part of Inspector Drew. Between the two estates lies the business of "promoting," which is the art of obtaining money for all sorts of incredible schemes. It is a business that well-connected Englishmen take to as naturally as ducks to water, and more than one astute city man has been willing to advance the social fortunes of his wife and daughter by the purchase of stock in the company that is to make carriage springs out of elephant hides, or convert the forests of Zanzibar into a fine quality of excelsior for the stuffing of mattresses and sofa-cushions. The farther away from London the seat of these operations is the greater the enthusiasm with which the well-connected Englishman undertakes the business of selling the shares and the easier he finds it to enlist capital. Meanwhile, certain astute Americans have discovered that London itself offers greater inducements to the business man than do any of these far-away countries, and are now taking advantage of these conditions

After all, the difference between the business of "promoting," as it is practiced in London to-day, and the many forms of "safe" card-playing, as practiced here and everywhere else from time immemorial, is not so very great, and it is not unusual to find the promoter of a scheme for peopling the great clay belt of Southern Africa with a colony of brick makers, for the purpose of supplying the world with cheap bricks, resorting to cards, not merely as a diversion but for temporary financial relief. And in such cases we generally find that the younger son turns to the city man as his natural prey as surely as Rawdon Crawley did to Captain Osborne.

A case in point is that of a certain Mr. Cityman who had amassed a large fortune in a legitimate business and was also regarded as one of the best card players in London, a reputation of which he was inordinately vain. News of his prowess in the game of poker reached the ears of a certain Mr. Marketman who was at that time living in one of the most fashionable hotels in the West End, and looking about him for some one to rob. Representing himself as a would-be investor in one of Mr. Cityman's great enterprises, he called upon him at his office and easily succeeded in putting himself on a certain footing as a business acquaintance and possible customer. One afternoon a young man called on Mr. Cityman, and, representing himself as the other's private secretary, asked if he would be good enough to stop at the hotel on his way home. He explained that Mr. Marketman had been very much occupied with his other affairs and was anxious to settle the business matters then under discussion before sailing for South America; therefore, if Mr. Cityman would be good enough to call he would regard it as a favor. The secretary, moreover, had something to say on his own account, and he said it privately while the two men were journeying westward in a cab

"You remember," he remarked most insinuatingly, "that it was through me that you first knew my chief. I happen to know that he is going to do a big stroke of business with you before he sails, and I hope you won't forget that I am entitled to a little commission."

"Certainly, that will be all right," exclaimed the delighted man of affairs. And the cab rolled swiftly on toward the swell hotel

Mr. Marketman was out, but in a few moments a telephone message came saying that he was on his way, and twenty minutes thereafter he entered his rooms where the secretary had already made his guest very much at home, bringing with him two or three friends and apologizing for his tardiness in a boisterously effusive manner, which showed that he had tarried too long at the festal board. The whole party was in a jovial mood, and in a few moments the host drew his guest aside, admitted that he was in no condition to transact business, and begged him, with many apologies and courteous expressions of regret, to do him the honor of joining his little dinner-party and become acquainted with his friends, who were also heavily interested with him in his South American business.

Dinner over, one of the guests suggested a game of cards, but Mr. Marketman demurred, saying that it was one of his unlucky days and he was afraid to tempt fortune. His guest from the city, however, rather liked a chance for displaying his prowess, and Mr. Marketman was overruled. He had no cards in his room, so he rang for a servant and sent out for half a dozen packs, doing it so openly as to preclude all idea of playing with a marked pack. Mr. Cityman, as I have already said, played extremely well, and, shortly after midnight, the host rose from the table with an expression of disgust and wrote a check for £700, which he gave to his fortunate guest as the sum of his winnings. He gave another check to one of the South American gentlemen who had also played with great skill

Supper was ordered, with a generous accompaniment of champagne, and when it was over the South American who had won proposed another sitting at the card-table. Again the host protested, and again his objections were overruled But now a new day had dawned, bringing with it better luck for the man who had been a loser two hours before, and at four o'clock in the morning Mr. Cityman surrendered the check he had already received and drew his own for £900 to the order of his host. By a singular, and for him fortunate, chance, the date that he placed on it was that of the day already dawning, instead of that of the day before when they had sat down to play, and this check was presented at the bank for payment the very moment the doors were open, and would undoubtedly have been cashed had it not been that the teller noticed the date, and, thinking it strange that the depositor should draw a check before he could possibly have reached his own office, consulted his superior and then called up Mr. Cityman's office on the 'phone. He had not arrived there, and, on the advice of the bank manager, the teller refused to honor the check on the ground that the signature did not look quite natural to him. Mr. Cityman was notified at his home and advised to look in at Vine Street. He had scarcely finished his recital of the events of the previous night before Inspector Drew took a photograph from a drawer and tossed it over to him

"Is that the man?" he inquired

It was

"Well," said the inspector, "we have been looking for him for two years. What hotel did you say he was stopping at?"

They started at once in a cab. But they were too late The bird had flown in company with his secretary and the South American financiers, and from that day to this Mr. Marketman has never ventured into the gay region that is watched over by the Vine Street Station.

New York, with all its human variety, has no counterpart of these men on the market, unless we except certain gentlemen who belong to good clubs, visit at the best houses, and confine their operations to Wall Street, where they are classified as financiers. But even in the rich and fragrant fields of crooked finance they are not to be compared, in point of astuteness and success, with those broad-hatted, loosely-garbed individuals who come out of the far West, with tan on their ingenuous faces, for the purpose of selling salted mines to the unwary, or with those multi-millionaires who dispose of every variety of securities except those that pay dividends, and become rich in so doing

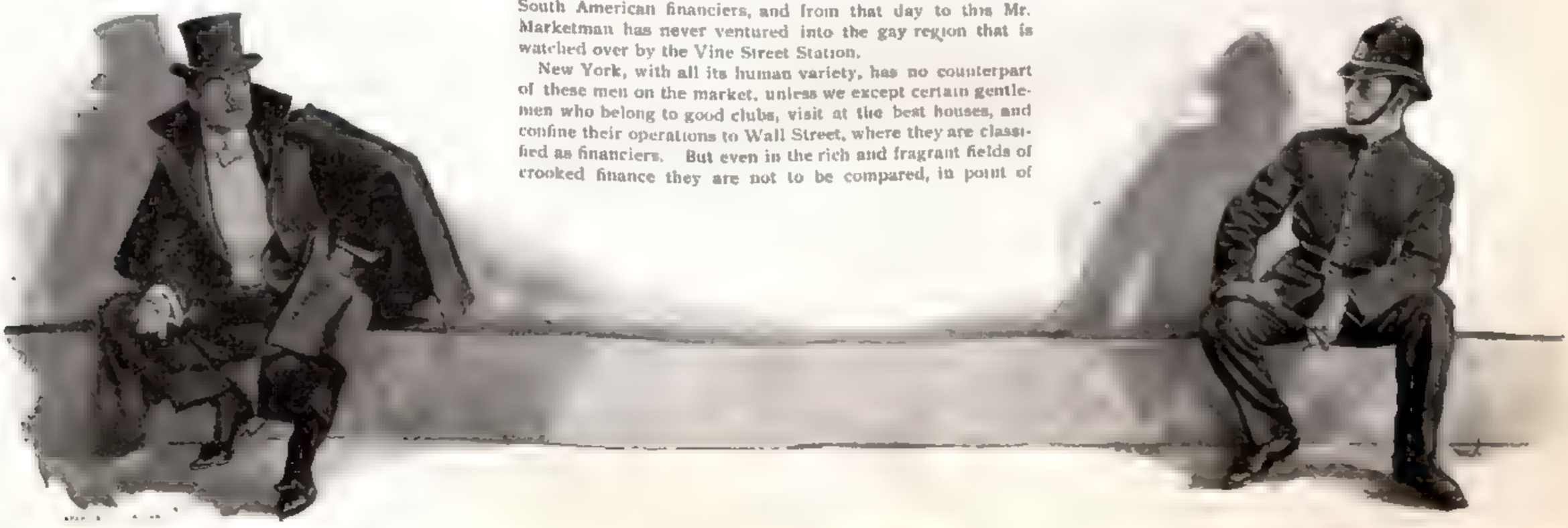
But the men who operate the genteel confidence game in the hotels and cafés that are scattered along upper Broadway are mere petty larceny grafters in comparison with the well-bred, well-groomed set who go to make up the men on the London market. I never saw a New York confidence man who looked in any respect like a swell. A dozen years ago one of them might have passed himself off as a hustling, serious minded lawyer, his chief strength, so far as appearance went, lying in the fact that he always walked rapidly along the street, apparently looking neither to the right nor to the left, and having the air of one hastening to keep an important engagement Another, who has probably flown higher into the immeasurable blue vault that stands for human ignorance and credulity, never suggested either Broadway or Fifth Avenue in his appearance or address, and has of late years acquired a permanent pallor of the kind that recalls the striped clothing that he has worn in so many parts of the world. His success has been due to his quick wits and conversational powers rather than his ability to convey a suggestion of swelldom by his make-up and address. As for the impostor who swindled literary men with his smooth talk about poetry, he has long since found his level as the manager of a New York laundry, and I am quite certain that the altruist who buncoed a venerable and distinguished gentleman out of a considerable sum of money some years ago could never have deceived a well-bred man who was in the enjoyment of his full mental powers.

Indeed, there is scarcely a confidence man in New York operating above Inspector Byrne's "dead-line" who possesses any real education or polish, and it is for that reason that their operations are confined almost exclusively to rural visitors, with whom a dyed mustache, a shiny silk hat and a cordial urbanity of manner go a long way

London's West End market, however, stands on a far higher plane than that of the American metropolis, demanding better manners and closer intimacy with the niceties of English speech and habits on the part of its operators, and affording them in return occasional rewards that would dazzle the imagination of the hard-working, small-earning Broadway bunco man.

To the moneyed stranger from afar, to the self-important, newly-enriched Londoner, to the son of an enormously rich manufacturer, and even to the young peer who has just come into his inheritance, these well-bred, well-dressed men of the world, with their soft speech, perfectly fitting clothes and distinguished bearing, appeal with irresistible force. And the better bred the victim, the more accustomed to the usages of the best society, the more apt he is to fall; for the mere fact that he recognizes in his chance acquaintance those qualities of education, good breeding and high station which he himself values so highly is certain to disarm his suspicions and make him a much easier prey.

And as the heights to which the adventurer mentioned climbed were greater than any ever even attempted by his brothers of the melodramatic stage, so was his ruin complete and awful. Deserted by his high-born wife, driven out of the club to which he had gained admission, warned off the turf at Newmarket Heath, which means the exclusion of his colors from every course in the Three Kingdoms, his racing stud sold under the hammer, and his presentation at court publicly canceled, the once debonair and melodramatically successful plunger now slinks about the haunts in which he was once a well-known figure, shunned by all honest men and watched by the cold eye of Vine Street as one of the men on the market.



HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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CHAPTER XVIII
AT DEAD OF NIGHT

CONSCIOUSNESS flowed back upon me slowly, and I emerged in pain and in intense bewilderment from my swoon. The first sound that came to me in my awakening was the terrific roar of the water against the side of the yacht, the next a woman's scream. Recalling now the incidents exactly preceding my fall, I stirred and endeavored to sit up, and then I was aware of being pinned down by a weight It was, as will be remembered, pitch dark, but I put out my hand and felt the beating of a heart; there was also unmistakably a woman's bodice under my fingers. It was Princess Alix who had fallen with me

But what had happened? And what noise was screaming through the night, even above all that awful tumult of waste water and wild wind? I answered the second query first. It was mademoiselle. Well, she would wait. My first concern must be for the Princess, who lay upon me, a dead weight, but, as I knew, a living, breathing body. I carefully extricated myself and raised her. The yacht was stooping at an angle, and I was forced back against the wall with my burden. If it had been only light and I had known which way to move! I laid the Princess on the couch, which I discovered by groping, and tried to open the door. It was jammed Then it dawned upon me that the screw had stopped. The noise of its beating was not among the many noises I heard. If it had stopped only one thing could have happened: The Sea Queen must be ashore. That was the explanation. We had struck.

I was now the more anxious, as you may conceive, to get out of the cabin, for if we had struck it was essential to know how we stood — what degree of risk we ran. For all I knew, the yacht might be sinking at that moment, or breaking up upon rocks. Finding egress through the door impossible, I made my way with difficulty to the other side of the boudoir, where I knew there was a communication with the bedrooms. This door stood open, as it had been flung by the shock, and I was now able to locate the sounds of the screams. They came from the cabin beyond, which I knew to be mademoiselle's. I guided myself as well as I could to the door giving access to the corridor, and unlocked it. As I did so a speck of light gleamed in the darkness and arrested me. It enlarged and emerged upon me till it took the shape of a candle, and underneath it I beheld the capable face of the French maid, Juliette

"It is necessary I should have something to quiet mademoiselle, monsieur," said she in her tranquil way

"I am in search of something now for the Princess, Juliette," I explained. "Thank God for your light. How did you get it?"

"I always have a candle with me when I travel, monsieur," she replied. She was the most sensible woman I had ever met, and I could have embraced her.

"The yacht has gone aground," I said. "I will find out how much damage has been done. I will bring back what is necessary. The Princess lies in there. See to her."

With that I left her and stepped into the corridor. It was opaque with the night like the cabins, but I groped my way across it without hearing any sounds of living people, only that terrible turmoil of waters without. I knew where my bag was. It was in the small cabin which the Prince used as his smoking-room, and in which we had sometimes played cards to pass the time during those days of anxiety and trouble. The first door I opened seemed to give me access to the open sea. The wind ramped in my face and would have thrown me back, and I was drenched with a cascade of water. I thought I must have opened the door to the deck, until I remembered that that had been destroyed in the fight. I put out a hand and it touched a piece of furniture; and then once again the sea broke over me. There could be no other solution of the puzzle than this—that the outer wall of the cabin had been carried away. I judged that I was in the Prince's room.

I retraced my way, opening the door with difficulty, and, once more in the shelter of the corridor, felt my way along the railing. There seemed to be a foot of water about my legs, and it was icy chill. The next handle I hit upon I turned, as before, and the door came back upon me with a rush, almost sending me headlong. I entered the cabin, and by dint of groping I reached the upholstered couch at the back. My bag was not where I had left it, but it could not be far away. The salt water flowed and oozed on the floor, but I dropped to my knees and hunted for it, and was at last rewarded by finding it jammed into a corner under a cupboard. Getting back into the corridor I had now to determine whether to return to the Princess or to go in search of news.

"I SUPPOSE YOU'VE COME ARMED?" HE SAID

I stood wavering, reluctant to leave her in her swoon all unattended, and yet conscious that it would be wiser to ascertain the extent of our damages. Happily the decision was not forced upon me, for I saw in the distance a swinging lantern which seemed to be advancing toward me down the corridor. I shouted, and the dim figure behind it stopped and turned the light upon me

"You, Phillimore?"

It was Barraclough's voice. "What has happened?" I asked

"Struck on a reef," he roared back. "She's tight yet, I think, but where are the ladies?

"Let me have your lantern and I'll take you to them," said I, and, thanking Providence for that signal mercy, I crossed the corridor with him. The lantern shed a benign light upon the wreck of the boudoir. The Princess lay where I had left her, but her eyes were open, and I made use of my flask of cognac with beneficial results. Then I was plucked by the arm and Barraclough claimed my attention.

"Mademoiselle Trébizond is ill," he called. "Give her something. You must see to her"

Of course, that was my duty, and I took such steps as seemed necessary for one of so neurotic a nature

"She is all right," I explained. "If the ship's in no danger just now they are best here. The maid has a candle."

I returned to Princess Alix and found her recovered, and I bade her be of good cheer, shouting (for it was always shouting) that we had defied the mutineers successfully and that we should also successfully defy the elements. Then I went back, for I had other work to do.

Barraclough informed me that the Prince had been taken to the music saloon, and Lane, also, was there. I therefore joined the relics of our company in that devastated chamber, and did what my skill availed to do for the injured. The Prince had been struck on the head and in the body, but the marks were not very apparent. He breathed heavily, but had still his old air of authority. Lane bubbled over with alternate fumes of petulance and passion, but he had his excuse, as he was suffering a great deal of pain. Ellison, too, wounded as he was, had dragged himself from his temporary hospital to the music-room, but one of Legrand's men had vanished, and it was supposed he had gone overboard in one of the great tides of sea that swept over the yacht. Legrand had ventured on deck, and, clinging to the railings, had endeavored to get some notion of the position of things; but he had seen and heard nothing beyond the storm.

"She's firm so far," he shouted in my ears, "and the night's clearing. I can see a star."

"The Star of Hope," I answered.

He shrugged his shoulders. "They may be at the pumps. But the sea's moderating and the wind's dropping. We shall know presently."

Something was drawing me irresistibly now back to the Princess. My heart pined for the sight of her and the assurance that she had suffered no injury. I grew restless at the inaction, and, weary and bruised as I was, I think passion gave me wings and endurance. I left the music saloon and emerged into the lobby where the stairs went down to the saloon below. The sea was breaking through the shattered door on the one side, but on the lee the Sea Queen was tilted upward, and it was there she lay in irons, no doubt upon some rocks or shores. If only the day would dawn! As I stood a while, before entering the corridor through another shattered doorway, the glimmer of a light caught my eye. It came from the door upon the farther side of the lobby, seeming to shine through the keyhole. As I watched the door opened and let in a blast of wind that shook the broken woodwork: it also let in the figure of a man, and that man, seen dimly in the shades of the light he carried, was Holgate. I drew myself up into the fastness of the gloom and stared at him. He had turned the shutter in his lantern now for it was a bull's-eye, and the darkness was once more universal, but I had a feeling that he had a companion, and although I lost sight of Holgate I was assured within myself that he had descended the stairway. Any noise his heavy feet might make would be absorbed into the general racket of the night. I stood and wondered. What was Holgate's object in this silent expedition?

I confess my curiosity rose high, to a pitch, indeed, at which it might not be denied. A surmise sprang into my mind, but I hardly allowed it time to formulate, for not a minute after the recognition I, too, was on my way down the stairs. It was comparatively easy to descend, for, as I have said, there was no danger of discovery from noise, and I had the balustrade under my hand. When I had reached the floor below I caught the gleam of the lantern in the distance, and I pursued it down one of the passages. This pursuit took me past the cabins toward the kitchen; and then I came to an abrupt pause, for the lantern, too, had stopped

I could make out Holgate's bulky form and the light flashing on the walls, and now, too, I found that my senses had not deceived me, and that there was a second man. He stood in the shadow, so that I could not identify him; and both men were peering into an open door.

My position in the passage began to assume a perilous character, and I made investigations in my neighborhood Near me was the door of a cabin, which I opened without difficulty, and entered. Now, by putting out my head I could still see the mutineers, while I had a refuge in the event of their turning back. They were still bent forward, peering into the room. I thought that with good luck I might venture farther, and while they were so engrossed with their occupation. So, leaving my hiding-place, I stole forward boldly to the next cabin and entered it as I had entered the former. I was now quite close to them, and suddenly I saw who was Holgate's companion. It was Pye

With equal celerity did my brain take in the situation and interpret it. Indeed, I should have guessed at it long before, I think, had not the events of the night thrown me into a state of confusion. It was the treasure they looked at, and this was where Pye had concealed it. As this truth came home to me Holgate lifted his head and I drew back, setting the cabin door ajar. Presently after the bull's-eye flashed through the crack of the door and stayed there. For a moment I thought all was up, and that my retreat had been discovered, but I was soon reassured. The noise of the water had fallen, and above it, or rather through it, I could hear Holgate's voice, fatly decisive:

"She'll hold, I tell you, for twenty-four hours, at any rate, even without pumps. Confound you, man, do you suppose I can take the risk now? They're sick enough as it is—all blood and no money. We must let it lie for a bit and take our opportunity"

Pye's voice followed, but I could not hear what he said, but Holgate's was in answer and coldly impatient:

"You've the stomach of a nursery governess. Good Lord! to run in harness with you! What do I know? We're cast away, that's certain. But I will be hanged if I lose what I've played for, Mr. Pye; so put that in your pipe."

The light went out and the voice faded. Presently I opened the door and looked out upon profound darkness.

I knew my way about the yacht by that time, and was not discomposed by the situation. The mutineer and his treacherous confederate were gone, and I must make the best of my time to follow them. Nothing could be effected without a light, and I had no means of procuring one in those nether regions. I retraced my way more or less by instinct until I came out at the foot of the stairway, and knew it was easy to regain the upper regions. Instead of going to the boudoir I sought the group in the music-room, and was challenged by Barraclough.

"Who's that?"

"Phillimore," I answered. "We must have more light. Have we no more lanterns?"

"Yes, sir," said Ellison's cheerful voice. "There's some in the steward's room."

"Good for you," said I. "If some one will give me matches I think I'll go on a hunt."

The other sailor produced a box of vestas from his pocket, and as he was unwounded I took him with me on my return journey. In the steward's room we found several lanterns, as well as some bottles of beer and some cold fowl. We made a selection from this and got safely back to our friends. Here we lit two or three of the lanterns, and I opened some of the beer and left them to a repast. You will be thinking that I had not kept my word, and had neglected what should have been my prime duty. I had not forgotten, however. Was it likely? And I made haste at once to the quarters of the ladies, taking with me something that should make me welcome—which was a lighted lantern. Princess Alix was quite recovered, but showed great anxiety for news of her brother. I was able to quiet her fears by describing the supper at which I had left him; and her eyes brightened.

"He is so good and brave," she said simply. "He is so noble. He has always thought of others."

That the Prince was fond of his sister was manifest, and it was patent, too, that he was attached to the woman for whom he had thrown all away and was thus imperiled. Yet I should not have attributed to him inordinate unselfishness I made no reply, however, beyond urging her to follow her brother's example, and fortify herself with food. She waved it aside.

"No, no; I am not hungry. I am only anxious," she said. "Tell me, are we safe?"

"For the present," I said. "I gather that most of the mutineers are at the pumps."

"Then we are sinking?" she cried.

"It does not follow," I answered. "Holgate has his own hand to play, and he will play it. We are safe just now. God answered your prayers, Princess."

She looked me earnestly in the face and sighed.

"Yes," she said softly.

Meanwhile I discovered that mademoiselle had picked up her spirits. She complained of the noise, of the darkness, and of the lack of sleep, but she found some compensations now that it was clear that we were not going to the bottom.

"It was magnificent, monsieur, that storm!" she exclaimed. "I could see the devils raging in it. Oh, *ciel!* It was like the terrors of the Erl Konig, yes. But what have you there, Doctor? Oh, it is beer, English beer. I am tired of champagne. Give me some beer. I love the *bocks*. It calls to mind the boulevards. Oh, the boulevards, that I shall not see—never, never in my life!"

I consoled her, comforting her with the assurance that we were nearer the boulevards now than we had been a few hours ago, which, in a way, was true enough. She inquired after the Prince pleasantly, also after Barraclough, and asked with cheerful curiosity when we were going to land.

I said I hoped it would be soon, but she was content with her new toy, which was English bottled ale, and I left her eating daintily and sipping the foam from her glass with satisfaction. I returned to the music-room and joined the company; and, after a little, silence fell upon us, and I found myself drifting into the slumber of the weary.

I awoke with the gray dawn streaming in by the shattered skylights, and, sitting up, looked about me. My companions were all wrapped in slumber, Lane tossing restlessly with the pain of his wound. I walked to the door and looked out. The sea had gone down and now lapped and washed along the sides of the Sea Queen. The sky was clear, and far in the east were the banners of the morning. The gentle air of the dawn was grateful to my flesh and stimulated my lungs I opened my chest to draw it in, and then, recrossing the lobby, I peered out through the windows on the port side. The dim loom of land saluted my eyes, and nearer still a precipice of rocks, by which the seafowl were screaming We had gone ashore on some sort of island.

This discovery relieved one of the anxieties that had weighed upon me. At least we had a refuge not only from the violence and treachery of the ocean, but also from the murderous ruffians who had possession of the yacht. It was, therefore, with a lighter heart that I descended into the cabins and made my way along the passage to the point where I had seen Holgate and Pye stop. I identified the door which they had opened, and after a little manœuvring I succeeded in getting it open. It was the cook's pantry in which I now found myself, and I proceeded to examine carefully every drawer and every cupboard by the meagre light of the dawn. I had not been at work ten minutes before I came upon the contents of the safes safely stowed in a locker. Well, if the documents and gold could be shifted once they could be shifted again; and forthwith I set about the job. It pleased me (I know not why) to choose no other place than Pye's cabin in which to rehide them. I think the irony of the choice decided me upon it, and also it was scarcely likely that Holgate and his accomplice would think of looking for the treasure in the latter's room.

It took me quite an hour to make the transfer, during which time I was not interrupted by any alarm. Whatever Holgate and his men were doing they evidently did not deem that there was any centre of interest in the saloon cabins at that moment. My task accomplished, I returned to the music-room, in which the wounded men still slept restlessly. I occupied my time in preparing a meal, and I took a strong glass of whisky and water, for my strength was beginning to ebb. I had endured much and fought hard, and had slept but little. As I stood looking down on my companions I was aware of a gray shadow that the slender sunlight cast as a ghost upon the wall. I turned and saw the Princess.

She was clad as for a journey, and warmly, against the cold, and her face was pale and anxious.

"You are astir, Doctor Phillimore," she said.

"Yes," said I; "I could not sleep."

I LEFT HER EATING DAINTILY AND SIPPING THE FOAM FROM HER GLASS

SHE MADE NO ANSWER TO THAT, BUT APPROACHED AND LOOKED DOWN AT THE PRINCE

I PROCEEDED TO EXAMINE CAREFULLY EVERY DRAWER AND EVERY CUPBOARD

"Nor I," she returned with a sigh. "I sometimes feel that I shall never sleep again. The sound of the storm, and the noises of the fight—the oaths—the cries—they are forever beating in my brain."

"They will pass," I replied encouragingly. "I do believe we are destined to safety. Look forth there and you will see the morning mists on the island."

"Yes," she assented. "I saw that we had struck on an island; and that is why I am here. Our chance is given us, Doctor Phillimore. We must go"

I looked doubtfully at the sleeping men.

"Yes, yes, I know; but my brother will be more reasonable now," she pursued. "He will see things in another light. He has done all for honor that honor calls for."

"He has done too much," said I somewhat bitterly, for I realized how greatly he had imperiled his sister.

She made no answer to that, but approached and looked down at the Prince, who lay with his head pillowed on the cushioned seat.

"He is well enough?" she asked.

"He is well enough to leave the yacht, if he will consent," I answered.

Perhaps it was the sound of our voices, though we had both pitched them low; at any rate, Prince Frederic stirred and sat up slowly.

"Good-morning, Alix," he said affectionately, and his eyes alighted on me, as if wondering.

The Princess went forward and embraced him. "Doctor Phillimore has kindly got breakfast for you," she said. "You must eat, Frederic, for we are going to leave the yacht this morning."

She spoke decisively, as if she had taken control of affairs out of his hands, and he smiled back.

"Are those your orders, Alix? You were always willful from a child"

"No, no," she cried, smiling, too. "I always obeyed your orders, Frederic; it was you who were hero to me, not Karl or Wilhelm—only you."

He patted her hand, and glanced at the food I had obtained. "We owe to Doctor Phillimore a debt of gratitude," he said in his friendliest manner. The talking had disturbed Barraclough also, who now awoke and saluted us. He made no difficulty of beginning at once on his breakfast, cracking a joke at my expense. It was a strangely pacific gathering after the terrible night; but I suppose we were all too worn to take things in duly.

There is a limit to the power of facts to make impressions on one's senses, and I think we had reached it. For the most part we were just animals with an appetite. But there was my news, and I hastened to break it. It was not startling, but it had an interest for us all. The Prince deliberated.

"It is fate," he said slowly. "It is the luck of the Hochburgers."

Barraclough's comment was from a different aspect. "That's a trick to us. We've a shot in the locker yet."

"What is it you mean?" asked the Prince.

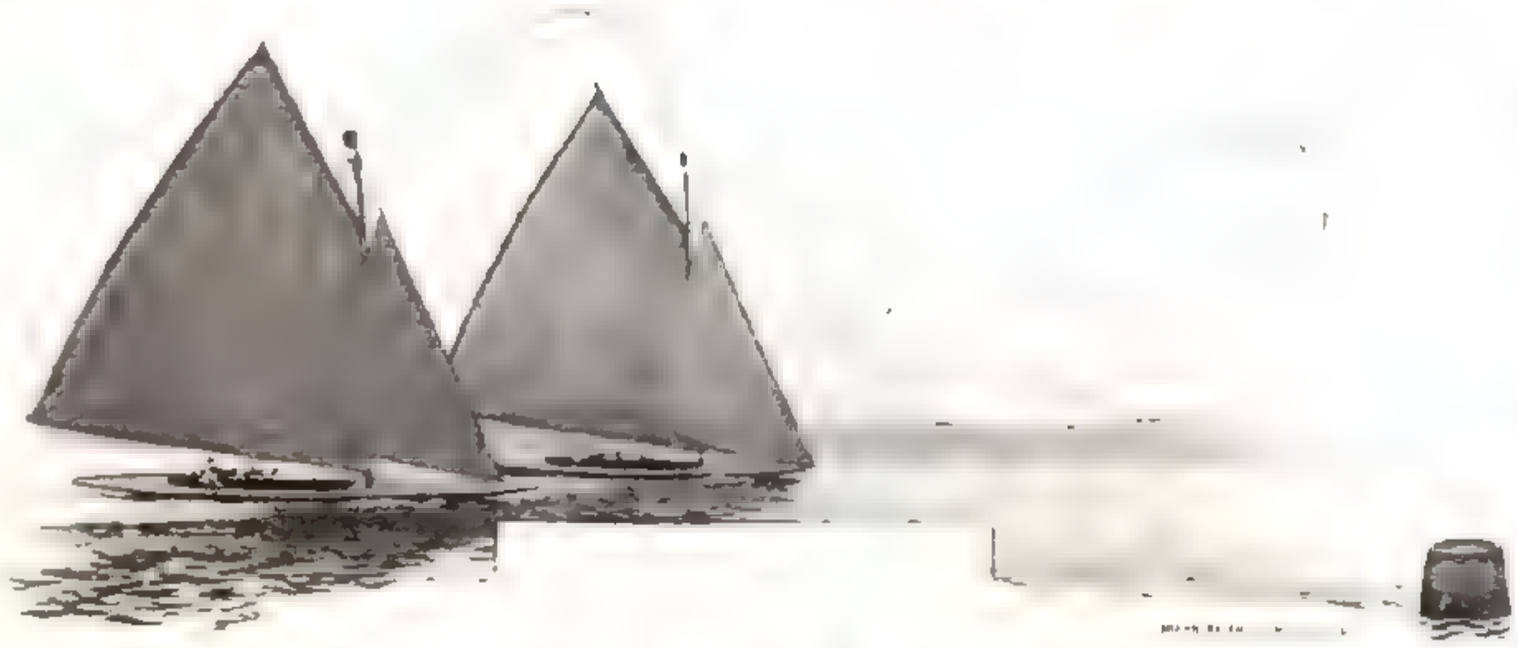
"Why, that we can drive a bargain with them," replied Barraclough. "We've got the whip hand."

"There shall no bargain be made with murderers," said the Prince in his deep voice.

"Frederic," said Princess Alix in a quick, impulsive way, "let us escape while there is time. The way is clear now.

(Continued on Page 33)

WHAT TOMMY DID



How the Losing End Paid a Dividend

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE idea prevailed in Ballston that Hugh Cargill "didn't know anything but soap." Cargill "knew soap" all right, but he knew other things, too. The trouble was, he was so identified with soap that no one gave any attention to his knowledge and ability in other directions. He had begun in the soap business as a young man, and he had continued in it through middle age; he had begun in a modest way, and had increased his business slowly but surely. The people of Ballston and vicinity insisted that "Cargill's soap" was the best and purest made.

The outside world paid no attention to Cargill at first, but after a time the big manufacturers began to "sit up and take notice" as Cargill expressed it. They found they were losing business in that district, and, of course, some one was getting it. They could not explain it on the ground that Ballston had ceased using soap, for they knew better. At first each believed that his loss was some big rival's gain, but in time they learned that all were losing

"It's Cargill," explained one of the salesmen in that territory to his employer. "They swear by Cargill there. He began in a small way—sort of accident, I guess—but he's been slowly clinching everything within reach."

"Must be good business man," commented the employer.

"No," replied the salesman, falling into the popular error. "Cargill doesn't know anything but soap, but he has a partner who is a pusher. Cargill makes the soap and Nelson sells it."

"How much business do they do?"

"Not much, gauged by our standard, but they're prospering and progressing," explained the salesman. "The last time I was there I looked into the matter a little. They put out something through the jobbing houses, but their market is mostly in that district."

"We can undersell them."

"Oh, yes; but we have transportation charges to pay, and they have practically nothing in that line, so far as their own district is concerned. The labor conditions are favorable to them, and they have worked the cost of production down to about our level. They can make a trifling profit selling at our cost price, whereas we shall be losing when we come to their cost price. We can beat them out in the main market, but they have the advantage in their own territory. And they're modest, in a way. Neither of them lives expensively, although they must have considerable money now: it all goes into the business, but they reduce risk to a minimum by keeping well within the limitations of their capital. They make sure they have the money back of them before they try to do a thing."

"Can't we buy them out?"

"Not at any reasonable figure. So long as they're doing well they'd rather have the business than the money. You're not dealing with mere avariciousness: they have a pride in the business, and the people have a pride in them. That's one of the things that makes them strong—the element of local pride."

"Well, we can put a wall around their local market, anyway," returned the big soap man. "We can do that while we're devising some plan for recovering the territory we have lost. I want you to watch the thing closely. Go up there and live for a while! If you can draw the lines any closer than they are, do so; but, in any event, don't let them gain an inch! Shut them in tight! Circle the district, and get a little closer to the centre each time! We can take care of them in the general market if you can hold them down where they live. And watch for a chance to buy! We'll give $50,000 cash to get them out of business."

That was the beginning of the memorable "soap fight," concerning which many stories are still told. Jim Hiland—good-natured, jolly, energetic Jim Hiland, representing the Acme Soap Company—established headquarters at Rockland and devoted all his energies to the task of "boxing up" Cargill soap. Nor was he alone in this work. Other big soap companies had seen the importance of a similar line of action, and two restless, pushing men kept Hiland from being lonesome. This was both a help and a hindrance. They could work altogether against Cargill, but each was watching for an opportunity to get an advantage over the other two.

The place chosen from which to direct the fight was the best that could have been selected. Rockland was situated at the head of Rock Lake, and was familiarly known as "the capital of the lake district." The one other town on Rock Lake and all others in the immediate vicinity looked to Rockland for enlightenment, pleasure and business. There was a college at Rockland that boasted of four-oared and eight-oared crews; there were also sailboats, an excellent theatre, and many other means of divertisement. To go to Rockland was the next best thing to going to Chicago, and Rockland was almost the equal of Chicago in devising celebrations for the purpose of attracting people. There were boat races, fairs, circuses and ice carnivals every year. In brief, Rockland was a trade citadel, and it was less than a hundred miles from Ballston. Cargill had advanced his lines almost to its limits.

Hiland and his allied rivals, Bentley and Clark, saw that this would be the point of attack, so they intrenched themselves strongly. They circled the Cargill district regularly, but they spent most of their time and money in Rockland. It would be easy to follow up their advantage after beating him back here.

Their plans were well and wisely made, for Rockland was the very point upon which Cargill's eyes and mind were fixed. He and Nelson had just added some undivided profits to their capital, and they felt strong enough to enter upon a vigorous campaign for the extension of the limits of their immediate territory.

"We ought to be sellin' a lot of our soap at Rockland," Cargill remarked thoughtfully. "They got water enough so's they ought to use a good bit of soap, but they ain't gettin' the best. You go over an' see what you kin do."

So Nelson went to Rockland and was sadly "jarred." The town was clearly in the hands of the enemy. The trifling amount of Cargill soap that had reached the place in the ordinary course of business was put away on the back shelves, and there was no call for it whatever. The tradesmen's windows were filled with other brands, the dead walls were brilliant with advertisements of the other brands, and most of the people were talking of Hiland, Bentley and Clark. There was a plan, they said, to make Rockland a distributing point for their soaps, which naturally flattered the citizens. It meant greater importance and more business for the town.

"Looks like some soap people was scared," commented Cargill. "We been hurtin' 'em a little, I guess."

"I met Hiland, of the Acme Company," said Nelson, "and he casually mentioned that he thought he could induce his people to pay us $50,000 for our business if we cared to quit."

"What did you say?" asked Cargill quickly.

"I didn't say anything; I just laughed," replied Nelson.

"You're all right, Steve," said Cargill, relieved. "We ain't scared so easy."

"I should say not," returned Nelson. "But we've got a fight on our hands, Hugh, and we've got to spend a good lot of money. Those soap men over at Rockland are trying to shut us in. You know we've worked out gradually from here, so we don't sell very much through the jobbing houses——"

"We'll sell more," announced Cargill decisively. "We'll live on the home trade an' let it go at cost to the jobbers. If there's a fight comin' we'll dance into the ring where they ain't lookin' for us, an' then they won't have so much time to give to Rockland. We kin steal in there while they're lookin' the other way."

"That's a good plan as far as it goes," admitted Nelson; "but it doesn't go far enough. It will help, but it won't give us Rockland, and it's Rockland we need just now. Rockland will open up an entirely new district for us; it's the key to a big stretch of territory. We must fight for it, and fight hard. We have a better chance to win there than we have in the outside market, although we can worry them some outside while we're getting Rockland."

"I guess you're right," Cargill conceded. "It's been our policy, for the most part, to move out slowly from the centre, an' I guess we'd better keep at it. What's your plan?"

"I have several," replied Nelson, "but we've got to spend money."

"Go ahead," said Cargill.

It was Cargill's readiness to leave practically everything except the details of manufacture to Nelson that had given the impression that he was not a good business man. Nelson had a better general idea of the methods of the business world, and could usually plan to better advantage, but Cargill had occasionally given evidence of resourcefulness in an emergency, although he did not like to bother with such details. In this case he went back to the factory and Nelson went back to Rockland with a checkbook.

War followed. Such advertising Rockland and the surrounding country never had known before. "Cargill soap" appeared wherever there was room for it, but, unfortunately, there wasn't much room left, for the town had been pretty well preempted by the "big soap trio," as the three first on the ground were sometimes called. However, by using fences and barns, Nelson managed to make a pretty good showing, and he patronized the local papers liberally. Still, he seemed to make no progress, for the local dealers were not with him.

"What's that new Cargill soap?" he once heard a housewife ask.

"It's all in the advertising, I guess," the grocer replied. "We've got a little somewhere, but I'd have to hunt it up. What's the matter with the Acme soap?"

Nelson labored with the tradesman after the woman had gone, but he made no impression.

"I push the kind that sells the best," the grocer asserted; "and the call is all for the other brands."

"The call would be for ours if you'd push it," argued Nelson.

"Oh, some one asks for it once in a while," said the grocer carelessly, "but it's only out of curiosity. It doesn't pay to keep it."

"Give it a fair trial," urged Nelson. "Why don't you 'dress' one of the windows with it?"

"No use," answered the grocer wearily.

"I'll rent one of your windows and display the soap myself," said Nelson.

"They're rented," replied the grocer.

Investigation showed that this was also true elsewhere. The "big soap trio" had rented available windows outright, thus giving the grocers an additional source of income and an additional incentive for keeping the Cargill soap in the background.

In view of these circumstances, the advertising did little good. The people were pretty well satisfied with the soaps they were using, it required an extra effort to get the local tradesmen to bring out the Cargill soap, some of them did not keep it at all, and the impression prevailed that it was a cheap grade, anyway—an impression that had its origin with the "trio." In desperation, Nelson decided to cut the wholesale price, in the hope of thus getting the goodwill of the retailers. He knew that the quotations were the same

for all the soaps at that time, the advantage naturally being with those who had the market and were working strenuously to hold it

"A good thing!" exclaimed the first man to whom he made the proposition.

"That will make it worth your while to bring Cargill soap to the front," said Nelson. "How big an order will you give me on a twenty per cent. cut?"

"Oh, I'd want to wait and see how it worked," was the cautious reply. "I've got a few bars of your soap on hand now."

This made Cargill suspicious, and he made a further investigation, with the result that he discovered that the other soaps were sold subject to a rebate to meet any price he might make. If he made a cut the local retailers would get the benefit of that cut on future orders and a rebate on recent back orders given the other companies. No wonder the grocer encouraged him to lower the price. But the grocer was too short-sighted or too cautious to gain his end; he could have paid for a small order out of his increased profits.

Nelson tried other towns in the Rock Lake district, and found them tied up as tight as Rockland. The trio had been ahead of him everywhere, had made many friends, and had gained prestige through success at Rockland. What was good enough for Rockland was good enough for anybody Besides, the trio had promised to contribute largely to the next street fair, and the whole district was interested in the success of the Rockland street fairs. Then Nelson planned to open a store of his own, but Cargill did not approve.

"Folks buy their soap with their groceries an' other things," he said when he was consulted on one of Nelson's trips home to discuss the situation. "You might do a little with the toilet soap that way, but not with the laundry soap, an' that's our big hold."

"We could give it away for a while," suggested Nelson.

"Too big a place," objected Cargill. "We might force the grocers to take it up better, but we'd have to have more'n one store while we was doin' it, an' it would be jest like those other fellers to begin payin' the grocers to give away their soap to keep the trade. We ain't got as much money as they have. How's the toilet soap goin'?"

"Oh, there isn't much of a fight on that."

"It ain't where our money is, either," commented Cargill, "but it helps to git us known. Keep pushin' it."

"At least, we might give away soap during the street fair," urged Nelson.

"Yes, we might do that," admitted Cargill.

"And we ought to make a splurge in the parade."

"I ain't much on splurges in this thing," returned Cargill. "We tried it, an' they beat us out. It's three to one, an' all richer'n we are. What's the fad at Rockland?"

"Boating of one kind or another. They're all crazy over water sports, and every second man has a sailboat."

"Make a yacht out of soap," advised Cargill, "an' put it on a float for the parade. That's splurge enough for us."

This brilliant idea gave the Cargill Company its first real hold on the Rockland public. The fair was a grand success, larger and better than ever before. The "big soap trio" contributed liberally to the spectacular features of the occasion, they made themselves indispensable to the managemeht, and incidentally they arranged to advertise their wares on a big scale. They had great, flaring floats, and plenty of printed matter to throw away. But they were forgotten when the "Cargill yacht" appeared, for that caught the fancy of the public immediately. It was not so big or so brilliant as some of the other displays, but it was just the right thing, and it had all the effect of a complete surprise. Other floats had been discussed, described and lauded beforehand, but nothing was known of this until it appeared

"Whose is it?" was the question on every hand, for the name, though given, was not put obtrusively forward.

Of course, the question was answered as soon as asked, and "Cargill" was a familiar sound that day and the next. Advertising had made the name known, but it took this to really impress it on the people.

Hiland knew that he and his allied rivals had lost their first trick in the game when he heard the questions and comments: "Did you see the Cargill yacht?" "Wasn't it a clever idea?" "Did you ever try any of their soap?" and so on And Hiland had another matter to worry him at the same time. He had just received a letter from his company, in which these pertinent questions and statements appeared:

"What are you doing at Rockland, anyway? You've been spending enough money to make things interesting for Cargill, but you don't seem to be able to even hold his attention Instead of being shut in he has jumped right over your head and is making a strong bid for the outside market. We've already had to cut prices to the jobbers in some instances to keep him from getting a foothold that would enable him to make real trouble in the future. His influence isn't great, but he has unsettled the market in one or two quarters, and we never know where to look for him next. Didn't you understand that you were sent up there to squeeze him into a small corner, or did you think we were giving you a vacation?"

Hiland hunted up the editor of the leading newspaper.

"When do you have your yacht races?" he asked. He knew that, in the inland lake region, they call everything that carries a sail a "yacht," so he used that word advisedly.

"Oh, we have two or three every summer," the editor replied. "The people are crazy about sailing here. The July race is as big an affair as the ice carnival or the street fair. Boats come from all parts of the lake, and some of them are transported overland from other lakes near here. They're not very big, you know."

"How would it do," asked Hiland, "to offer your local yacht club a perpetual challenge cup—a really fine one?"

"Great!" cried the editor. "It would set the town wild! Shall I announce it?"

"You may, if you will first arrange with the club, to be sure that it will be acceptable and accepted. It will have to be called the Acme cup." Hiland would have given a good deal to get "Acme soap" into the title of the cup, but that would surely make a joke of it the country over. "Acme" alone would have to do

The editor was enthusiastic, and Hiland was well satisfied with himself when he left the office. He had checkmated the only Cargill move that threatened danger. In the reading-room of his hotel he sat down to think it over, and the more he thought the better pleased he was with himself. He had done the one thing that could make him more popular than he was already, not only in Rockland but in all the lake district. And it was not the less pleasing because he had stolen a march on his allied rivals. He was so gratified that he could not refrain from seeking an immediate indorsement of his course from some native, so he turned to a man sitting near him.

"Live hereabouts?" he asked, falling into the vernacular of the place

"Hereabouts, yes," replied the man.

"GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHALLENGE FOR THAT CUP," HE SAID AT LAST

"I guess I've got that soap yacht that had you people so crazy knocked silly," Hiland went on in his bluff, hearty way. "That was a great scheme of Cargill's, but it was only advertising—and cheap at that. It takes the Acme Company to do a thing right. We have the best soap, and we do things in a big way"

"What you done?" asked the man.

"I've just offered a fine silver challenge cup to the local boat club, to make the July races interesting and really worth while."

The man did not seem to be impressed. He chewed his cigar meditatively for a few moments before replying.

"Guess I'll have to challenge for that cup," he said at last.

"You!" exclaimed Hiland. "Who are you?"

"I'm Cargill," replied the man.

From that moment Cargill began to think. "We got to do what Tommy did," he said to Nelson when he returned home.

"What's that?" asked Nelson.

"Be real sports," replied Cargill. "The public likes a real sport more'n it does anything else."

But the game was temporarily in Hiland's hands. Bentley and Clark fumed and swore and talked of bad faith when the cup announcement was made, but Hiland could afford to be tranquil. He was the man of the hour. "Hiland, the Acme soap man," was on every tongue. He had arranged for a cup worth while; he had the sporting spirit; his company was generous. Acme soap boomed at the expense of all others.

But who was going to challenge for the cup? It would be put up in the July race, but after that it would be solely a challenge affair. Most of the entries for the July race were Rockland boats, and it was a practical certainty that Rockland would become the first owner of the cup. Then who would challenge for it?

"I will," came the answer from Ballston.

"Who is it?" was the next question.

"Cargill, the soap man," was the reply.

Thereupon there was laughter and jocular comment, but it died away with later news from Ballston. Cargill was building a boat for the express purpose of capturing that cup. He would come after it in August, and he would advise Rockland to be ready for him, as he intended to have the best boat of its size that ever was built in the State.

"Say! he's a real sport!" exclaimed Rockland, and, just as Cargill had said, a "real sport" was an object of affectionate admiration.

Rockland was jubilant. This meant encouragement to boat building and sailing—a sporting and business impetus. Rockland was confident of success in the July race, when only boats whose qualities were known would compete: but how about meeting a new boat? It would be folly to put forward anything but the best and latest in the boat-building line Rockland decided to demonstrate its sporting spirit and resources by also putting forward a new boat, the merits of which could be tested in the July race. No sooner was this decision reached than Bentley and Clark offered to build the boat themselves, but this offer was declined. This was a Rockland affair, and Rockland public spirit would not permit it to be turned over to an outsider. Of course, if Bentley and Clark wished to make a contribution to the fund——

That was enough. Bentley and Clark contributed. There could be no doubt that they were fine, generous fellows, but somehow "Cargill" was the name most frequently heard.

Hiland discovered that the "Cargill challenge" completely overshadowed the "Acme cup" in the public mind. "But wait for the race," he wrote to headquarters. "They will forget him as soon as he is beaten, and he will be sneaking back to Ballston on a freight train." To which headquarters replied: "Better offer him $75,000 to quit business and end the thing now." But Cargill wasn't quitting.

"Got to get that cup before I kin talk soap," was all he would say when Hiland went over to Ballston to see him.

The details of that famous race are not to be given here. The July race, usually sailed on the Fourth, had been postponed to the end of the month to give Rockland's new boat a chance to compete, and the new boat had demonstrated its superiority. In consequence, Rockland was reasonably confident, and even Cargill had a word of praise for it before the race.

"It's a fine boat," he said, "an' I'm glad of it. I don't want that cup unless I kin take it from the best boat that Rockland kin build."

Now, wasn't that a fine, manly, sportsmanlike utterance? Well, rather. Rockland found itself cheering Cargill while he was giving instructions to his captain. If it had heard those instructions—well, never mind that. The race was sailed, and lost by Cargill. His boat made a fine showing, and there was no lack of excitement, but it was beaten by thirty seconds at the finish. There were those who said that Cargill's skipper was at fault, that he didn't get the most possible out of the boat, and there was a note of sympathy in the rejoicing of the victors. Cargill had risked money for

(Concluded on Page 20)

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Official Americans

ABOUT this time expect falling temperatures and high northerly winds from beyond the Canadian line. Secretary Hay has given official sanction to the Yankee usurpation of the name "American," so infuriating to every Canadian patriot. He has ordered the representatives of this Government abroad to put the words "American Embassy," "American Legation" or "American Consulate" on their seals and stationery instead of Embassy, Legation or Consulate "of the United States," as the case may be.

Mr. Hay's reasoning is rather ingenious. He says that we are not the only "United States" in the world, and that the people of the United States of Brazil, the United States of Colombia and the United States of Mexico do not call themselves United Statesians, but Brazilians, Colombians and Mexicans. The people of the Dominion of Canada are not called Dominioners, but Canadians. Examples may be multiplied indefinitely. The citizens of the Commonwealth of Australia call themselves Australians, not Commonwealthers, and those of the Swiss Confederation Swiss, not Confederates.

Perhaps the most pertinent case of all is that of Germany. Not only do the subjects of the German Empire call themselves Germans, but they call their country Germany, although the ancient seats of German power and culture are outside of it. The idea of Germany without Austria would have been inconceivable a hundred years ago. The Canadians protest that we have no more right to monopolize the name Americans than Frenchmen have to monopolize the name Europeans. Perhaps not; but Germans, Spaniards and Italians all call themselves Europeans on occasion.

Canadians never call themselves Americans. Why should a good name go to waste when we need it and the world in general is glad to let us have it?

Free Thought and Frank Speech

STIMULATING and important as have been the discussions, pro and con, of President Roosevelt's race-suicide pronouncements, we have all overlooked an aspect of the situation which one is tempted to regard as far more important. It is the fact that it has proved possible to discuss such a question at all. For some centuries it has been our unbreakable custom as a race to shroud all that is nearest and most vital to us in a mystery which, if not profound, was quite impenetrable. In the Middle Ages it was otherwise. There is a Mystery play of the Creation in which, according to the admirably Biblical stage direction, "Adam shall stand forthe neckede, and bee unashamed." To Shakespeare, as well, all vital life was beautiful. Nowhere is there a more exquisitely poetic image than Titania's description of the bearing of her "changeling." It was the Puritans who taught us that human life is hideous and a snare. For three centuries trivial subjects, from cosmetics to cosmic philosophies, have been in place in girls' schools and garden-parties; but the culture of life, so openly and scientifically pursued in the case of cattle and racehorses, has been, in the case of the lords of creation, unspeakable. There is a 'long-shore anecdote of a family of Nantucket fisher-children who had been forbidden to look at a mirror, hidden away, with Puritan abhorrence of such vanities, in the family chest. Being left to themselves, one fine day, the children got out the mysterious work of Satan and took a stolen glance into it. Seeing their own unkempt visages they fled in horror, shouting: "It's a bear!" In like manner our mid-Victorian ancestors would have fled from the present lucid discussions of the subject most personal to all seemly citizens. Not so the coming generation! At the commencement baseball game the other day, at Princeton, the class of 1901, which has the record for marriages and births, marched across the field pushing miniature baby-carriages, and preceded by an effigy of the distinguished opponent of race suicide on horseback. A part of the good movement, no doubt, comes from the fact that the name under which the agitation has been waged affords a seemly and convenient handle. We are still childish enough to be more at ease when calling a spade an agricultural implement. Only the week previous to the Princeton demonstration a church festival was abandoned because certain of the elders objected that to bring devilled eggs into the meeting-house would be profanation, and to partake of angels' food under pious auspices sacrilege. But the days of Puritanical prudishness are numbered; and we venture to surmise that long after the issues of the present campaign are dead the benefits of this new custom of thinking and speaking frankly will be present and increasing.

Children of "the System"

WHENEVER a conspicuous man—in business or in politics—commits a new outrage upon his fellowmen there is always raised a cry from the "charitable": "But let us not condemn him too severely. After all, he is only the product of a system."

There is much to be said for this view. Only it is not wide enough, not charitable enough. It should include us all, in all our shortcomings. For are we not products of one system or another?

When mercy and charity have had their say justice must have a hearing; and justice calls attention to the fact that the only way for breaking up pernicious systems—at least, the only way known to human ingenuity—is by punishing those who wax fat by those systems. We must be sorry for them; we must admit that probably in their places we should do as badly or worse than they have done; but we must make their systems unprofitable.

Anent Higher Education for Women

ALL the talk against higher education that used to be discharged each year "along about this time" seems now to be concentrated against the higher education of women. It makes them worse for wifehood and motherhood, say the croakers, for housekeeping and plain living, and everything a woman ought to love and devote herself to. And then follow statistics, awful instances, and all the rest of the formidable proofs that croakers seem to carry about at their tongues' ends.

Against these serried ranks one needs to use only the enginery of a simple fact. It can be put interrogatively: Is ignorance a blessing or a curse?

If it is a blessing, then by all means let us take away all means to knowledge from the trainers of the future generations of American citizens. If it is a curse, then let us endeavor in every way to make the wives, and the mothers, and the sisters, and the sweethearts, and the women friends of the American man, youth and boy as enlightened as possible so that they may be helpers and companions.

It must be extremely irritating to the man too lazy to make himself intelligent to find that the women he would like to know are bored by his sillinesses. It must be even more irritating to the man who loves to pose before the women as an intellectual prodigy to find that they are "having fun with him."

The woman whom higher education has made "too smart" can easily be reduced to her proper station and restored to her proper point of view by the man who has educated himself to be just a little smarter. Higher education for the women sets a new and faster pace for the men. Hence the most of these groans

On the Pounce

IN SOME recent trust exposures the country has been given an inside view of how these corrupt and corrupting big fortunes are made—of the real character of the "genius of business" that is so much admired nowadays. A pack of starving wolves on the pounce could justly regard themselves as merciful, honest and honorable in comparison.

To say that these men are, by nature, worse than the average human being is to explain by improbable assertion. It seems far more likely that they are debauched by opportunity and association. All their associates are men who do these things as a matter of course, and the reason they do them is because they have the opportunity—their enormous wealth and the incapacity of most people to safeguard their own rights combine to give them the power to despoil and to gorge themselves; and human nature is weak in face of such overpowering temptation.

If the political incapacity and the political inattention of the American people did not create these alluring opportunities we should have fewer bribers and bribed, fewer multimillionaire thieves and thugs; and thieving and thugging on a large scale would not be condoned where it is not admired outright

Certificates of Wealth

IT APPEARS that society women are protecting themselves against theft by keeping their jewels in safe-deposit vaults and wearing false gems made in perfect imitation of the originals. Of course, it would be in wretched form for a lady to wear make-believe jewelry if she did not own the real article. But the fact that society sanctions the sham when it is backed by genuine stones in a safe furnishes a conclusive answer to the question why gems are worn.

Manifestly it is not for their beauty, for in that case imitations would answer every purpose, and there would be no occasion for the real ones, buried in the darkness of a safe-deposit vault. A gorgeous diamond tiara says for the owner: "I am so rich that I can afford to throw away $100,000 on an ornament." An imitation can say this just as well as the original, provided the original actually exists. But if the imitation stood alone it would be telling a lie, and that, of course, would be intolerable to anybody in society

But the idea of representing jewels by exact duplicates is a little primitive. It is as if a bank should issue brass checks in imitation of the gold coins in its reserve. The logical next step is to print paper representatives of the real gems, just as the bank puts out paper notes. A lady could hang on her neck a neatly engraved card announcing:

"I have in the vaults of the Bullion Safe Deposit Company

One diamond tiara	value	$100,000
Two solitaire earrings	"	10,000
One rope of pearls	"	50,000
One set of matched amethysts	"	125,000
One collar of brilliants	"	75,000
Seven diamond and ruby rings	"	25,000
Total		$385,000"

From this the next step would be easily taken. Since the only object is to advertise ability and willingness to spend money the real jewels could be dispensed with, too, and the money could be spent in some other way. The card could announce that the wearer had paid $100,000 for people run down by her automobile, a million for a duke for her daughter, and half a million for his gambling debts. Thus all the vulgar glitter of showy ornaments, so easily imitated, could be dispensed with, and we could have a refreshing approach to the "Simple Life."

Terrors of Transition

SUCH hideous tragedies as the Iroquois Theatre and the General Slocum calamities are milestones that mark our progress from one state of society to another. This country was founded on the basis of individual effort. For generation after generation the habit of self-help has been bred into American bones. The first settlers built their cabins in the woods and plowed their lonely fields with their rifles on their backs. When they traveled they rode on their own horses or in their own boats. If they found it necessary to patronize a stagecoach or a public packet it never occurred to them to depend upon anything but their own vigilance for safety. When they gathered in public meetings they never thought of asking whether an official had inspected the assembly-hall.

But there is no longer room for that old individual independence. Nobody can live his own life in the settled parts of America now—the country is too crowded, and modern inventions are bringing the people into too intimate relations. If you pay ten cents to be carried five miles on a great railroad you hire an organization of a hundred thousand men directly, and millions indirectly. The old-fashioned farmer took his solitary chances on weather and insects—now the Government maintains a vast department to tell him when it is going to rain, and how to kill weevils; and it has set aside $20,000,000 as the mere beginning of a scheme of irrigation.

The primitive American who wanted to consult his lawyer could find him safely seated on a cracker-box in front of Si Slocum's store. Now you shoot up to the twentieth floor of a skyscraper, and your life depends on the fidelity of some unknown elevator inspector.

Wherever you go and whatever you do you are on an inspector's trail..

We have not yet become thoroughly adjusted to this modern solidarity of society. But we are learning, and every new terror of the transition period brings our education nearer to completion.

UNCLE MARK

"WOT WILL MUDDER SAY WHEN SHE SEES THAT I WUZ A-POSIN' WID UNCLE MARK?"

A View at Close Range

By MAURICE WEIDENTHAL

HOW did Hanna get his title of "Uncle Mark"?

Many stories have been printed on this subject, but there is only one true one

A year or so before the Republican National Convention in St. Louis which nominated William McKinley for President, Hanna was not known politically outside of Cleveland, and during the 1896 convention he first began to be seriously discussed by some of the delegates. All the leading "bosses" of the country were gathered at that convention ready to annihilate Hanna, and all wondered at the impudence of the upstart from Cleveland. Platt, Quay and others who had been national characters for some time were arrayed against him.

"Who is this man Hanna?" one asked

"That's Oom Mark," one of Hanna's fellow townsmen replied

The title was quite appropriate, for about that time Oom Paul Kruger loomed big in the public eye.

A delegation of Clevelanders hastened up the stairs in the Lindell Hotel to Hanna's headquarters, where he was busily engaged buttonholing delegates. "Good-morning, Oom Mark," said Charles F. Leach, now collector of customs of the port of Cleveland

"Oom Mark? What in thunder is that?" asked Hanna

"Uncle Mark," replied Ed Doty, at present the clerk of the Ohio House of Representatives.

"Uncle Mark?" repeated Hanna. "I rather like that Keep it up, boys; it will make votes for our side."

And they did.

The title soon began to spread, and in a short time the President-maker was nearly always referred to as Uncle Mark

Since then Hanna loved to be called Uncle Mark His most intimate friends never called him "Senator," and he was never offended even if a stranger hailed him as "uncle."

The Two Engineers

IN HIS private office in Cleveland above his desk is Hanna's own picture alongside of a little man in overalls. A great photograph of McKinley is at its right and one of Roosevelt on the left, but the picture of Hanna and the little man has the place of honor. "I think more of this photograph than any I had ever taken," Uncle Mark would often say. "I wouldn't part with it for a great deal."

The Missouri Pacific train upon which Hanna and his party were speeding toward Omaha, Nebraska, in October, 1900, stopped at a little place called Weeping Water. A newspaper photographer came along with his camera while Hanna was taking a little airing on the track

Uncle Mark was in particularly good humor that day and he readily consented to pose

A crowd of interested lookers-on gathered around the outskirts. Among them was a little man covered with soot and grime. He wore overalls and a little cap and carried an oil-can.

"I don't want anybody in this picture except Senator Hanna," the photographer said. "Don't crowd."

"Who are you?" Hanna asked, turning to the little man

"I am the engineer of your train."

"Then you're just the man I want in this picture."

"But," interrupted the photographer, "I—— "

"Step up here, Engineer," said Hanna to the little man, who dropped his oil-can in astonishment. "I want my picture taken with you. I am the engineer of the Republican party; you are the engineer of my train I run the party; you run me. Therefore, you're a bigger man than I am."

Hanna adored a man who could keep a secret and who had a high sense of honor. It was in 1884 that his respect for McKinley was increased a hundredfold because he took no advantage of a misplaced confidence. Both Hanna and McKinley attended the National Republican Convention that nominated Blaine, and the hotels were so crowded that the delegate from Canton and the delegate from Cleveland had to occupy the same room. They slept in different beds, however. Hanna was a Sherman boomer, and McKinley was red hot for Blaine. The first night of the convention men from the East plotted for a dark horse. Theodore Roosevelt and George William Curtis headed the movement, and they decided upon Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, as the dark horse. They imagined that between the two leading contestants Edmunds might slip in. Figuring on a Sherman combination, they were busy looking up Sherman men, and in doing so were directed to the room occupied by Hanna and McKinley. It was after midnight when the plotters walked into the room and mistook McKinley for the Sherman man Hanna, meanwhile, was loudly snoring in the other bed. The Edmunds boomers laid the secret of the proposed Sherman-Edmunds combination and anti-Blaine plot bare to McKinley, himself a Blaine man. He was in bed covered to his neck and tried several times to interrupt them, but they continued to the end. Finally McKinley said: "Gentlemen, you have made a mistake. The Sherman man you are looking for is snoring over there in the other bed."

Then they roused Hanna from his slumbers, and McKinley rolled over and went to sleep

The next day McKinley told the story of the midnight visit to Hanna. "But you needn't fear," said he; "I shall not take any advantage of my knowledge of the existence of this deep-laid plot The secret was told me under a misapprehension, and I shall respect it."

He did, and Hanna admired the man from Canton all the more

Shortly after McKinley's death it was reported in the newspapers that Hanna was about to write his reminiscences of his dead friend They said one editor had offered $10,000 for the serial rights

While speculation concerning the Senator's literary effort was in progress, a man who used to be employed on a daily newspaper, but had started a magazine, happened to be in Washington. One day the Senator and the newspaper man met in front of the Capitol "How are you getting on with your magazine?" Hanna asked

"As well as can be expected," was the reply

Then the conversation drifted to the McKinley articles. "I'd like mighty well to print them in serial form in my magazine, but that, of course, is out of the question," the editor said

"Why?" asked the Senator.

"Because I am not in the $10,000 class An article of that sort would be the making of my publication if I could afford it; but it's above me."

Hanna gave one of his characteristic grunts, walked away and the next day the struggling publisher received the bundle of manuscript with Uncle Mark's compliments.

In the Hotel Etna, at Ravenna, Ohio, there was a young man who went by the euphonious name of "Buck" Salen, who always prided himself on the fact that he was the cousin of Charles P. Salen, chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee. "Buck" was the general factotum around the hotel, from clerk to bartender and porter, and when Tom Johnson on his stumping tour reached the hotel in which "Buck" was employed, "Buck" introduced himself and immediately struck Johnson for a job, after exclaiming, "This is the proudest moment of me life." About a month later Hanna stopped at the same hotel. He was received in

"I RUN THE PARTY; YOU RUN ME"

state by the same "Buck" Salen, who, warmly shaking Hanna by the hand, said, "Mr. Hanna, this is the proudest moment of me life"

"Quite an honor, I assure you," said Uncle Mark. Then he suddenly added: "By the way, didn't I read about a month ago that you told Johnson that it was the proudest moment of your life when you shook hands with him?"

"That's all right," retorted the cousin of the chairman of the Democratic State Committee; "it was, up to that time; but this is another proud moment"

Hanna and His Employees

ONE of the most destructive and hotly-contested labor troubles in the history of Cleveland, and one of the bitterest street-railway strikes that has ever occurred anywhere was the one on the Cleveland Electric Railway Company's lines. Cars were blown up with dynamite, union and non union men were injured, and even death claimed its victims

Hanna had decided some time before to take a trip to Europe that summer, but being president of another street railway concern, the Cleveland City Railway Company, and fearing that some of his employees might be induced to strike, he doubted the wisdom of going abroad, and decided to postpone his trip. It was a bitter disappointment to him, for he needed the medical treatment that had been recommended to him for his chronic ailment

Some of the conductors and motormen who had been in Hanna's employ a number of years heard of his determination to postpone his trip, and a committee called upon him.

"We understand, Mr. Hanna," said the spokesman, "that you have changed your mind about going to Europe?"

"That's right; I'm not going," Hanna replied

"Why not?"

"How can I go in the midst of such a mess? At such times as these men are hotheaded and carried away by passion. Though you boys have always been loyal to my company's interests, a person can never tell what may happen. It is my opinion that in times of threatened war it is best for the general to stay on the firing line."

"We have been appointed as a committee by the boys," continued the spokesman, "to tell you that you can leave for Europe with an easy mind, and stay as long as you like. No matter what may happen on the other line, I pledge you the honor of the boys on your line that they will not take any hand in the strike. You can go with perfect safety."

"Boys," said Uncle Mark, "I thank you very much for your friendship and loyalty, and to show you that I place the utmost faith and confidence in what you say, I will start for New York to-morrow and take the next steamer for Europe."

Hanna remained abroad throughout the duration of the strike, and his men kept their word.

During Hanna's career as the owner of the best theatre in Cleveland he formed many lasting friendships with actors. Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, Francis

Wilson, Stuart Robson and William H. Crane were among his closest friends. Years ago, when Barrett first blossomed out as a star, but had not yet succeeded in making a reputation, Hanna was his business adviser. He read his new plays carefully, helped to improve them, and Barrett spent many a day in Hanna's beautiful Lake Avenue home listening to his suggestions. Receptions to Booth or Jefferson, and occasionally to actors of the modern school, were not uncommon at the Hanna mansion.

While McKinley was Governor of Ohio he was a frequent visitor of Hanna. On one such occasion Hoyt's A Milk White Flag was being played at Hanna's theatre. Hanna invited McKinley to occupy his box with him, and he accepted. Neither of them had ever seen or knew anything about the farce, which was a satire on the militia, the central character being a militia officer who imagined he looked like Napoleon and on all great occasions dressed and posed like the Little Corporal

It was about this time that McKinley was first nicknamed Napoleon, and the comedian who impersonated the part took fiendish delight in posing before the Hanna box, for the special benefit of the Governor of Ohio and Uncle Mark. The audience soon "caught on," as the boys say. The gallery was especially alive to the opportunity and directed loud comments to the distinguished visitor and his host.

McKinley, who was always of a modest, retiring disposition, didn't enjoy the embarrassing situation at all, and, turning to Hanna, said: "You got me into this, Mark."

"No, indeed," Hanna replied, "I swear, William, I didn't know a thing about it. But I am going to be game and face it out. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to surrender unconditionally," replied the future President of the United States; and for the rest of the evening McKinley and Hanna remained in the background with the lights turned down.

Ever after that McKinley avoided A Milk White Flag

Even away from home, in the midst of business that occupied most of his time, Hanna lost no opportunity to pay his respects to some of his friends in the theatrical profession. Henry Clay Barnabee, the veteran of the Bostonians, was one of his acquaintances. One night, after a campaign speech at Bridgeport, Ohio, Hanna heard that the Bostonians were singing at Wheeling, West Virginia, across the Ohio River, so he took the car across and saw the last act of Robin Hood. When he entered the theatre he received such an ovation that the performance had to be temporarily suspended until order could be restored

After the performance he wandered behind the scenes, had a long chat with Barnabee and the other members of the company, and it was long past midnight before he retired.

"It was pretty mean of Mr. Hanna to break up the show," said a chorus girl; "but he is such a lovely man"

The many-sided Senator who numbered among his friends men of every walk in life, from Presidents down to the humblest citizen, had a very soft spot in his heart for children. In the fall of 1903 he was stumping the State. The special had reached the station at Napoleon, Ohio, hours before the meeting, and Hanna thought it would be a good idea to remain on the car until meeting-time rather than put in several hours shaking hands at the hotel

Two little girls stood out on the track gazing at the car. "You ask," said one

"I won't; you ask him," replied the other.

Finally they compromised, and boarded the car together

"Well, little ones," said Hanna, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, Mister Hanny, may we have one of your picters?" the tiniest of the two asked.

"What do you want my picture for?"

"Hang it in the parlor above the organ, ma says."

The porter was ordered to produce two of the Hanna lithographs. Meanwhile, Hanna kissed both of the little ones and gave them each a quarter. "And it was worth it, too," he added

The little ones, highly pleased with the successful termination of their mission, jumped off the car and ran up the main street. Hanna, too, was delighted

A few minutes later Colonel Herrick looked out of the car window. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Looks like a procession of children coming down the street

"That's just what it is," added Warren G. Harding, now Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio; "a parade of little girls."

"My girls have been spreading the news about the kisses and the quarters. What shall I do?" asked Hanna.

IN FRONT OF THE HOLLENDEN HOTEL, CLEVELAND. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, SENATOR HANNA, AND GOVERNOR HERRICK, OF OHIO

"Stand pat," advised one of the newspaper men.

The next thirty minutes Uncle Mark was kept busy distributing quarters, pictures and kisses

"Anyway," he said, after it was all over, "it's better than shaking hands"

Hanna was not only fond of little girls, but of boys as well. One fine summer day, on the docks in Cleveland, near his brother's yacht, he was engaged in conversation with a dockhand and a barefoot boy. A photographer who happened along with his camera asked Hanna to pose, and he did so on condition that the boy and the laborer should be included in the group.

"Gee!" exclaimed the lad, "wot will mudder say when she sees that I wuz a-posin' wid Uncle Mark?"

Hanna loved to be interrupted and quizzed while addressing an audience. He always had a ready answer to all questions, and held that a good, lively questioner only tended to help the thing along. After he had crossed the Minnesota border in 1900 and made his first stop in Owatonna early one morning some one exclaimed "Ain't you up rather early, Uncle Mark?"

"You heard about the early bird catching worms?" Hanna retorted; "well, I'm it. The only difference between the early bird and Mark Hanna is that I am not after worms but votes."

At Falls City, Nebraska, Hanna asked, "What has Bryan ever done for the workingman?"

"Nothing," shouted some of his hearers

"Confidentially now," said Hanna, leaning over the railing, "not a d——n thing."

At Nelsonville, a little mining community in Ohio, Hanna made a back-platform talk. The train was held at the station ten minutes, and about a thousand sturdy, soot-begrimed miners made up the audience.

"How about the old soldiers?" some one asked

"We give them $150,000,000 a year," Hanna replied.

"And how did the Democratic party treat the old soldiers?" the same man asked.

THE VACANT CHAIR—HANNA'S OFFICE IN THE PERRY-PAYNE BUILDING, CLEVELAND. PICTURE OF "THE TWO ENGINEERS," AND OF McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT, ABOVE THE DESK

STEPPING OUT OF HIS CARRIAGE TO CAST HIS LAST BALLOT

Before Hanna could make reply some one in the crowd blurted out in a deep basso-profundo voice: "Like d——d dogs!"

"Thank you, sir," Hanna said, turning to the last speaker, "that's just what I would have said, but maybe I shouldn't have said it just that way."

During Hanna's tour through the Northwest the election of McKinley and the defeat of Pettigrew were uppermost in his mind, yet he was compelled to listen to the tales of small politicians, and did it so effectually and with so much apparent interest that the men who whispered their woes into the Senatorial ear imagined that Hanna felt a greater concern for their troubles than in the election of McKinley.

The following illustration is one in a hundred

A committee boarded the train at a station in South Dakota. With great ceremony the men introduced themselves to the Senator from the East who had the destiny of the nation in the palm of his hand.

"We come from Spink County," said one

"And unless somethin' is done thar, and at oncet, Spink County will be lost to us," added another

"You don't mean it?" the Senator said in evident alarm.

"Honest injun," a third committeeman interposed, very much in earnest, "our county hez alwez ben Republican by a majority of more'n fifty—the last time fifty-five—an' now thar's danger of the majority bein' cut down, and mebbe the Democrats will beat us

"That must never be," Hanna replied. "What's the trouble?"

"You know Ebenezer Spotts, of Spottswood?"

"I don't know as I can recall the name"

"Everybody knows Eb. He's the biggest politician hereabouts. He was a-runnin' for the nominashun for constable and got licked. Now he's gettin' even and a-wurkin' for t'other side"

"Come to think of it," Hanna interrupted, "I do remember hearing about Ebenezer Spotts. When you get back home you must tell him that I said he has got to behave himself. The eyes of the nation are focused upon Spink County, and the defeat of the constable of Spottswood may mean the defeat of the Republican national ticket. Stranger things than that have happened. It's important that the factions of your county get together. Tell Spotts that I expect to watch the returns from Spottswood with a great deal of concern"

And the committee left deeply impressed with the notion that Cardinal Richelieu was a tyro as a politician compared with Mark Hanna, and that Hanna was the greatest man the world had ever produced

Though he never recovered from the shock of McKinley's death, Hanna's love for his country and the Republican party continued, and he remained in politics, but was not quite the same Mark Hanna.

He was honest in his oft-repeated statements that he was not a candidate for President against Roosevelt, and threatened to throw his closest friends out of the window whenever they dared to mention the subject

The evolution of Mark Hanna in the Senate from a politician to a statesman was as rapid as his evolution from a ward politician in Cleveland to a great political leader. In the upper house he made a record as an orator. He was forceful persistent and practical in what he said. He was anything but a dreamer or theorist on the floor of the Senate, and when occasion called for such an exhibition he delivered body blows from which his opponents seldom recovered.

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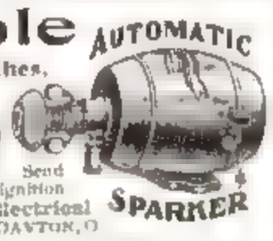

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South Africa After the War

Continued from Page 4

indignities heaped by the Boers upon their British fellow-subjects. In short, Lord Milner, with his lieutenants in the press and on the platform, carried on a campaign throughout the Empire in favor of war which was crowned with brilliant success. At the same time he not less adroitly inflamed the suspicions and irritated the prejudices of the Boers so as to render it easy for him to make a diplomatic settlement impossible. Lord Salisbury and the Queen were strongly opposed to the war. Mr. Chamberlain, although prepared to risk what he believed would be a cheap and easy combat rather than lose the chance of sticking a feather in his cap, was not at all desirous of having to fight. The nation, as a whole, was apathetic. The opposition of the Liberals was silenced by solemn assurances that Milner was only playing a game of bluff, and that the one condition of his success was that no word should be uttered in England that might encourage the Boers to resist his demands. So Milner had everything his own way, and in a few short months conducted a peace-loving nation into a war to the death against two republics, whom nobody, save a handful of financiers and a mob of music-hall Jingoes, wished to fight, still less to annex.

It was undoubtedly a marvelous feat for one man to accomplish. He had forced the hand of Mr. Chamberlain and the whole Cabinet. He had willed war, and he had the war that he willed. But why did he will war? The real inner thought of Lord Milner, as expressed by him in a journalistic memorandum circulated among his friends before the war, was somewhat as follows: "In South Africa we stand at the parting of the ways. We have to choose (1) between seeing South Africa develop under conditions which will repeat there the armed anarchy of Europe, in which rival states will each maintain armed forces behind frontiers grinning with cannon, or (2) taking such steps as will secure the creation of a South Africa federated like the United States, within whose boundaries there will be no hostile frontiers, no menacing military armaments. After the Jameson Raid the Transvaal has armed. It is no use discussing whether the Raid did or did not justify them in arming. As a matter of history they have armed. What must we do? We can maintain our position either by adopting a policy of competitive armaments, or we can, by a hard, swift blow, disarm the Transvaal, and so pave the way for a South African Federation free from the scourge of militarism."

Needless to say, Milner, true to his Bismarckian instincts, elected for the latter alternative. But it is incredible to me how it was possible for this German-minded man, who had declared that it was his first duty thoroughly to master the facts of the military situation, to have led his countrymen blindfold into the abyss in which they wallowed for months after the war began. There are, however, none so blind as those who will not see. The British commander-in-chief in South Africa ventured to warn Milner that he was tackling a much more formidable adversary than the Empire was prepared to deal with. He was promptly sent about his business, with results—some of which are visible enough. But still there is more to follow.

During the war Milner was overshadowed by the military authorities to whom was intrusted the direction of the campaign. He displayed his Bismarckian tendencies in a policy of rigorous repression more worthy of Russia than of Great Britain. The worst stain that attaches to his administration on the score of inhumanity was the resistance which he offered to the pressure from home in favor of a less severe policy than that which had been adopted in the concentration camps in which were herded the helpless victims of the policy of devastation. He was, fortunately, overruled, but not until thousands of women and children had died in every extremity of want and disease.

After the war had at last dragged its slow length to the inevitable close, Lord Milner—he had been ennobled by his sovereign for his services—made his first great failure by inaugurating and semi-officially supporting a demand for the suspension of the free Constitution of the Cape Colony. As representing the Crown this action was unpardonable. As the servant of the Colonial Office it was the very superfluity of naughtiness. Against the proposed destruction of liberty and self-government the Cape Ministry rose in revolt. The Premier boldly declared that the destruction of the Constitution would justify rebellion. The other Colonial Premiers united their voices in remonstrance. Mr. Chamberlain saw that it would not do, and Lord Milner's suspension campaign was promptly disallowed. Lord Milner, however, was not recalled—unfortunately for South Africa—and he proceeded to Johannesburg to preside over the settlement of the country which for three years had been the seat of wide-wasting war.

It is seldom that the man who plunges a country into war is the best agent for restoring peace when war is over. Lord Milner certainly was the worst possible agent for a policy of peace and conciliation. The Dutch recognized him as their implacable foe. In peace as in war he believed his mission to be to break the power of Afrikanderism. His presence as High Commissioner was regarded through South Africa as a sign that the old feud was to be fought out as relentlessly as ever, but this time with ordinances, not with ordnance. The two republics were converted into Crown colonies, in each of which a Governor, appointed by the Colonial Office in London, is assisted by a sham Legislative Council composed of a majority of his own officials and a minority of his own nominees. Not a single representative Boer in either council demeaned himself by accepting a seat upon this sham legislature, which was created solely to register the will of the satraps, who, with a garrison of 21,000 troops and several thousands of armed police, are temporarily almost as absolute in Africa as a Turkish Pasha who has his Bashi-bazouks to enforce his will.

The intentions of the British officials may have been of the best, but they lamentably failed to give satisfaction to those over whom they were placed. The Orange Free State was one of the best and most economically administered states in the world. Under Crown colony rule, under its new designation of the Orange River Colony, the administration is nearly twice as costly and not nearly so efficient. In the Transvaal the disillusioned Uitlanders are sighing for the good old days of Paul Kruger. He, indeed, chastised them with whips, but Lord Milner, like another Rehoboam, has chastised them with scorpions. It costs twice as much to govern the country; debt has gone up by leaps and bounds; the credit of the State is exhausted, and the Government is now face to face with a huge deficit.

There is a good story told of a conversation which took place recently between an old Boer from the back country and Lord Milner. "Are you the man who governs this country?" asked the old farmer. "Well, I suppose I am," said Milner, who was little prepared for the rejoinder. "Now, do you not think," said the old man, "that you have made a pretty mess of it?" Then, after a pause, he added: "What we are wondering is how long it will be before you have to send for Oom Paul Kruger to straighten things out again." That embodies a very general opinion among those who have the misfortune to be in a position to study Lord Milner's administration at first hand. His projects for Anglicizing the colonies have so far proved dead failures. He has spent more than £2,000,000 in colonizing projects, to find that the only instance in which he achieved any success—at Potchefstroom—nearly all the colonists were Boers. He has distributed £4,000,000 in relief and £1,750,000 in repatriation. His educational projects have driven the Boers to forsake the State schools in order to open private schools of their own where their children will not be denationalized. The fact is that Lord Milner is butting his head against a stone wall. The Dutch may be led; they can never be driven. So far, the net result of his Anglicizing experiments, from the war downward, has been to kindle to white heat the passion of Dutch national feeling. A new High Commissioner may do something with them. Lord Milner, alike from his record and from his character, is doomed to hopeless failure.

The latest phase of Lord Milner's evolution has brought him in sharp conflict not only with public opinion at home but with his official superiors at the Colonial Office. Nothing has excited so much passionate resentment in England as the proposal that the Government should actively cooperate with the Johannesburg millionaires in importing a horde of Chinese to work in indentured apprenticeship in the gold mines of the Rand. At first Lord Milner appeared to be inclined to take up a neutral attitude; but finding that the treasury of the new colonies was empty,

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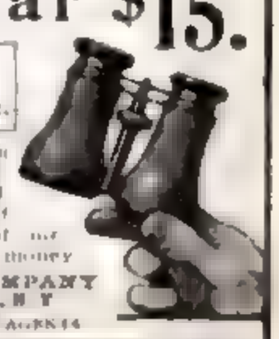

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he fell an easy prey to the machinations of the financial houses who are all-powerful at Johannesburg. From being neutral, Lord Milner became the impassioned advocate of the importation of the Chinese. Mr Chamberlain, however, who has always his weather eye open, saw the squall such a proposal would arouse, and would have nothing to do with it. Rumor says that the dispute between these two grandees waxed hot and fierce, and its occurrence had not a little to do with Mr. Chamberlain's sudden abandonment of office in nominal pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp of a preferential tariff. Milner, in this case, as in that of the war, got his way. Despite the protests of public meetings, and stormy debates in Parliament, Milner got his Chinese as he got his war. It remains to be seen whether he will not discover that, in this case as in the other, the very measures which he devised for the attainment of his end have put success hopelessly out of his reach.

Lord Milner has not even the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that when he goes—as go he will as soon as his friends quit office—he has so laid the foundations that his successors must complete the building on his lines. His administration is moribund The first duty of the new Ministry will be to receive his resignation and the second to appoint his successor; and, if England is not to lose her South African colonies, the main object of the policy of that successor will be to reverse as speedily and as completely as possible nearly all the principles upon which he has been working. Only on that condition will they be able to keep the British flag flying in South Africa. Could any reflection be more bitter for a high-spirited man?

Doctor Jameson is a man of another type. There is nothing tragic about the comfortable little Scotch doctor, who, by the strange irony of fate, finds himself Prime Minister of the King in Cape Colony. But he is an interesting man, one who in some ways is even more typical than Lord Milner himself of the imperialist Britons of this era. Milner is a German; Jameson is a Scot. Milner graduated in London and in Egypt; Jameson came direct to Africa from college. Milner never set foot in South Africa till his reputation was established; Jameson came in at the foot of the ladder as junior partner with a Kimberley doctor. Milner was always the acme of propriety. He never got into a scrape in his life and always moved with a certain suave dignity among the governing men of the Empire. Jameson was a daredevil adventurer whose readiness to take risks and "try it on" landed him in prison from which he narrowly escaped making his exit by way of the gallows. That the hero of the Jameson Raid should now be Prime Minister of the Cape is one of the scandals of South Africa. Nevertheless, the man is there and has to be reckoned with

Doctor Jameson is in the prime of life, having just turned his fiftieth year. Like Lord Milner, he is unmarried, but, unlike Lord Milner, is of a cheerful, jovial, hail-fellow-well-met disposition which makes him a general favorite. At Groote Schuur he occupies Mr. Rhodes' famous country house and keeps up to the best of his ability the Rhodesian traditions. Mr Rhodes made his acquaintance long ago, when they were both young men together in the early days of the diamond diggings at Kimberley. In later years, when Mr. Rhodes saw his way clear to carve out a vast empire in Central Africa, he appealed to Doctor Jameson to help him The doctor abandoned a practice worth $30,000 a year in order to devote himself to empire-building in the fabled land of Ophir.

At first he appeared to have justified the choice of the Colossus. By his skill as a doctor he succeeded at a critical moment in overcoming the reluctance of Lobengula to grant the concession in which the South African Company obtained its charter. He aided in organizing the first expedition by which, without the loss of a single life, Mashonaland was occupied. He was appointed administrator of the new territory, and when, a few years later, it was decided to try conclusions with Lobengula, it was Doctor Jameson who organized the campaign which added Matabeleland to the Empire

It was probably his uninterrupted run of success that turned Doctor Jameson's head and lured him on to the irreparable disaster of the Jameson Raid. To attempt to "jump the Transvaal" with a force of five or six hundred rough riders and mounted police seems sheer lunacy to those who have since seen that republic and its diminutive army hold the whole armed force of the British Empire at bay for three years. But to do Doctor Jameson justice he never thought to defeat the Boers in battle As he said before he started "If I have to fire a shot I shall have failed" The real idea he had in his head was to make the reformers in Johannesburg rise in revolt against President Kruger and to create a situation which should necessitate the intervention of the High Commissioner. To this day Doctor Jameson remains unconvinced that he was not on the very brink of success.

Doctor Jameson is a curious figure as he sits in the Premier's place in the first Ministerial bench in the House of Assembly at Cape Town. He curls himself up like a dormouse and usually seems to be asleep. He is no orator, and his speeches are few and far between. He is somewhat advanced in years to have begun to take up politics as a career and it is still more remarkable that he should have begun at the very top. He was only two or three years in Parliament before he was called upon to lead his party and form an administration. Few of his friends believed that he had either the physical strength or the mental energy to devote himself to a political life; but, according to his own account, he was inspired by his devotion to the ideas of Mr. Rhodes. He is doing it, as he says, for Rhodes' sake. It bores him immensely. He is like a slave chained to the oar of his galley. But he sticks to it, he has got his party into line, and so far he has succeeded in keeping them together.

Parties are very evenly divided in the Cape Colony. If some thousands of Dutch farmers had not been disfranchised until 1906 because they took up arms in support of their kinsfolk in the republics, the last general election in the Cape would probably have given the Dutch South African party—which is usually known as the party of the Afrikander Bond—a majority of from five to ten. As these rebels were disfranchised the British, or so-called Progressive Party, succeeded in obtaining a majority of five in the House of Assembly and of one in the Upper Chamber. Almost all the Progressive members are elected in the east of the colony with the exception of the members for Kimberley and Cape Town. The west and central districts of the colony are almost solidly Dutch. Both languages may be used in debate, but as few of the English members understand the Taal, speeches in Dutch are usually made solely for the edification of the faithful. The proceedings in the Cape Parliament are conducted with punctilious decorum: much greater decorum, indeed, than the proceedings of the House of Commons at Westminster. The Speaker is imposing in his wig; his great golden-headed mace lies before him like some gigantic fetish, and he or it receives the homage of every member who crosses the floor.

A majority of five in the House of Assembly is too narrow to play tricks with, therefore Doctor Jameson decided to double it. He brought in a bill adding twelve members to the House of Assembly and three to the Upper House. All the latter and nine of the former are allotted to constituencies which are certain to return supporters of Doctor Jameson. By this simple plan he will secure a majority of eleven in the Lower and four in the Upper House. The Opposition naturally protested against so summary a method of enabling the Ministry to double their majority. They attempted to defeat the bill by the familiar methods of obstruction. The rules of procedure at the Cape Parliament make no provision for the closure of debates. On the eve of the Easter recess, however, the Speaker reserved the right of declaring the debate closed. It was necessary, he said, sometimes to make precedents. It may be so, but the usurpation of authority without precedent in order to force through such a piece of sharp practice as this so-called Redistribution Bill will not tend to smooth the exacerbated feelings of the Cape Dutch. Doctor Jameson succeeded in carrying his bill through the Council by a majority of one, but it is open to grave doubt whether his administration will last long enough to take advantage of its increased majority. Doctor Jameson himself is far from well, and although he enjoys the exhilaration of success it is doubtful whether he will remain very long in office. The substitution of a Liberal for a Unionist administration in England can hardly fail to affect the position at the Cape.

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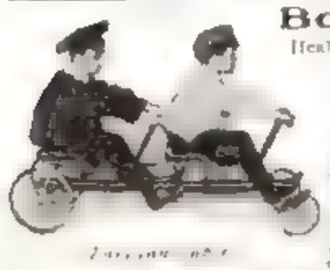
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JUDGE SHUTE AS PORTRAYED BY HIMSELF

THE REAL "PLUPY" SHUTE — Something about the author of the mishaps and the author of the account of them

¶ No wonder so many readers of Judge Henry A. Shute's Diary of a Real Boy, and Sequil, have exclaimed at the air of truthfulness that invests the story. Judge Shute himself was "Plupy," and many of the characters and incidents of his narrative are transcribed from real life. Born in Exeter, New Hampshire, he sat in the grammar school under a very real "Old Francis," and experienced in person the various mishaps that he has embodied in the Diary and Sequil. Later he became one of the "stewed cats" at Phillips Exeter whom he had "plugged" so heartily with snowballs as a boy in the high school, and, completing his course there, entered Harvard College and was graduated with the class of '79. He then began the study of law under Judge William W Stickney—who in the Diary was "lugged home in a hack"—and was admitted to practice by the New Hampshire bar in 1882 and appointed a justice of the Exeter Police Court in 1883, since when he has acted as *de facto* guardian over unfortunates of every description, retaining, however, his practice as an attorney in the Superior and Supreme Courts. His writing he does in the evening in what moments he can spare from his work and his family. One of his articles he dedicated "to the young lady with the pigtails the pug nose and the cheerful disposition my daughter Nathalie."

It will be remembered by readers of Sequil that "Plupy" Shute had a talent for caricature that on one occasion failed narrowly of getting his father into hot water. We print a photograph, and a portrait of the author by himself to show that this incident also was founded in fact. Judge Shute made the drawing to illustrate a series of papers on local lawyers, and much prefers it as a likeness to the photograph.

A MODERN ALLEGORY — Mr. Mitchell carries out in Villa Claudia the tradition of The Marble Faun.

¶ There has been, first and last, a deal of pother about the novel with a purpose, the problem play and the opposing formula of art for art's sake; and it witnesses our immitigable industry that where so many walls of authority and precedent have been toppled, ground and powdered by the first who found their confines too narrow, others should still be busy in the dust baking new bricks to build new boundaries to be broken again. It is hard to learn that there are no frontiers in art.

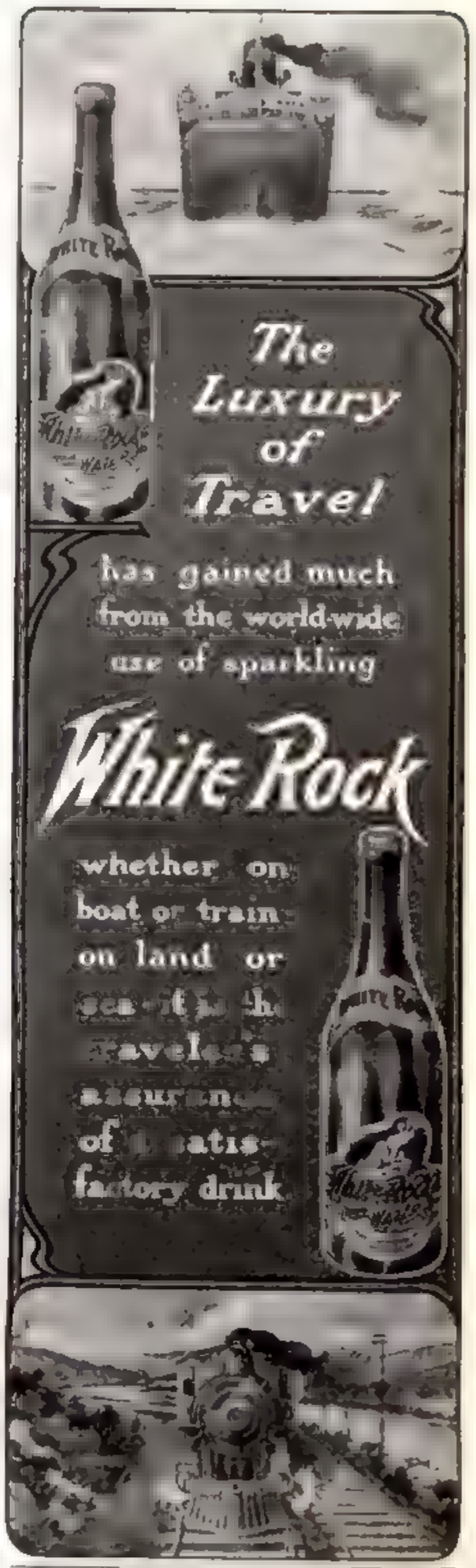
True, a great deal of very hurtful slush has been written about very helpful principles of conduct, crammed between two covers, and put out with the highest recommendations, as moral and instructive—but, for all that, one must not forget the quality of Æsop's Fables, or the parables of the New Testament, or Pilgrim's Progress, which also had moral purpose. It is fair to say that good allegories are rare but not that they are impossible or prohibited. The Villa Claudia, by J. A. Mitchell (*The Life Publishing Company*), is a good allegory, of delicate and far-reaching suggestion; and one success neutralizes an infinity of failures.

Now ours is a busy day and we like our truth briefly stated, not subtly suggested. However, there are such things as personal preferences, and it is not difficult to see why Mr. Mitchell, carrying over to his later editorial work an echo of the preoccupation of his earlier undergraduate days at Harvard and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, his fondness for Horace and the gracious antiquities, should busy himself with the conflict of an ideal of leisured culture and the doctrine of the strenuous life; nor is it surprising that, something of a moralist against his will—by New England heredity and present environment—and much of a lover of the beautiful, his book should lean to allegory. Nor, given these premises, is the philosophy of his allegory a surprise. It is a restatement—and every man has to put the old truths in his own words—of the familiar paradox that "Happiness flees those who pursue her, happiness pursues those who forget themselves and think only of others"—that work is a blessing in disguise, the hard condition of the only true content.

TATTLINGS OF A RETIRED POLITICIAN —The contemporaneous memoirs of a has-been.

¶ Much vivacity is lent the Tattlings of a Retired Politician, by Forrest Crissey (*Thompson & Thomas, Chicago*), by Mr. John T McCutcheon's informing illustrations. Whenever the author makes a point the illustrator drives it home and clinches it on the other side of the board. The retired politician, "Bill" Bradley, former legislator, Congressman, Governor and United States Senator, bears a strong family resemblance in native humor, shrewd practicality and sterling honesty to "Uncle Joe" Cannon, and care is taken in the frontispiece that the likeness shall not escape the reader's attention. And if "Happy Dave," of another of the illustrations, is not ex-Senator "Billy" Mason a libel has been committed. Still another anecdote that honest "Bill" incorporates in his memoirs is popularly attributed to President Roosevelt and Mr. Bristow. Mr. McCutcheon is "wise" in a minute, and you would recognize the President of his drawing in the thickest political fog.

Now, this may be indiscreet—though that is really the author's and not the reviewer's business—but it is undoubtedly amusing, as we notice that many politicians of national repute have already declared. As William Allen White says, "Every American is a politician under the skin," and pretty much anything about politics written from the inside is likely to interest him.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What Tommy Did

(Concluded from Page 13)

glory, and had lost both. How would he take it? Would he blame it on the skipper, or make some other excuse? A loser always had some reason to give for his defeat.

I ain't much on speech-makin'," said Cargill, as they crowded about, "an' I kin only say that the best boat won. My skipper was all right, an' my boat was all right, but you had a better boat. That's all, except that I'm comin' after that cup ag'in."

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A week later, after hearing from headquarters, Hiland went over to Ballston and offered Cargill and Nelson $150,000 for their business.

"Too much fun in it," was Cargill's reply. "I'm jest gittin' worked up to this yachtin' game, an' I got to play it out. We did middlin' well this year, even if we did lose, but you wait till we win that cup an' there won't be nobody else sellin' soap for five hunderd miles in any direction."

In spite of the utmost efforts of the "big soap trio" Cargill increased the advantage he had gained. He was now well and favorably known from one end of the Rock Lake district to the other, and the story of his sportsmanship had even gone the rounds of the metropolitan papers. He had put himself on even terms with the others in the territory over which they had fought, and he was gaining there and advancing his lines elsewhere. Furthermore, he retaliated for every effort made to shut him in by making an assault on the outside market.

All this Hiland reported from time to time to his employers.

"I think we'd better chip in again to help them hold the cup," advised Hiland. "If he should win he'd be the biggest man in that half of the State."

"All right," said the manager. "You look after that, and I'll make him a formal offer of $250,000 for his business. It's worth that to us to get him out of the way."

The reply to this offer was more encouraging than anything that had preceded it. Cargill merely asked that it be held open a little while, and the manager, unwilling to let the chance escape him, answered that the offer would stand until rescinded by him. Cargill himself could not have told just why he made this request. He had no real intention of selling, but he was a cautious man, and the price was more than fair.

Thus matters stood when the second challenge race for the cup was sailed. Cargill and Nelson watched it from the shore, each smiling in a confident way, but for different reasons. Nelson had attended to most of the preliminaries on this occasion, and his smile broadened as their boat secured and maintained a good lead. But toward the end Cargill began to look worried.

"The blame fool's goin' to win if he don't look out," he muttered.

"Of course, he's going to win," returned Nelson; "but that skipper you swore by never could do it. I put a new man in charge just before the race."

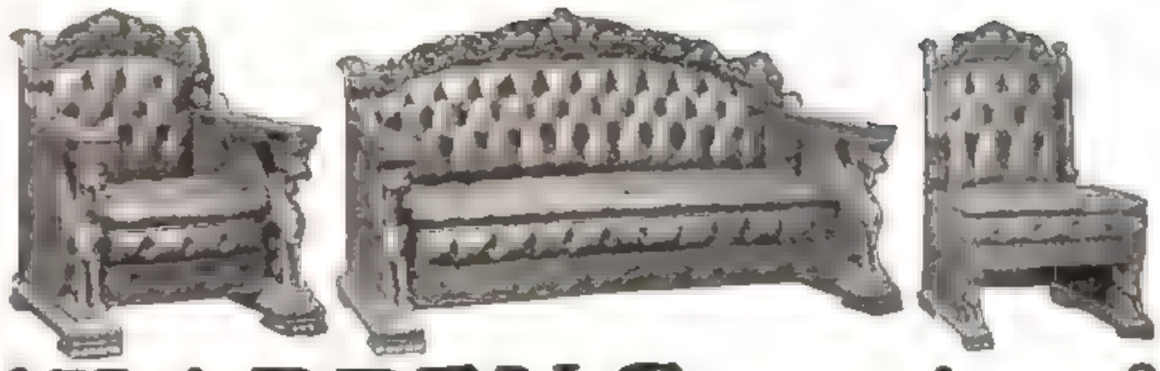
"You changed skippers!" cried Cargill.

"Certainly," said Nelson. "That other man was no good. Everybody said he lost the race for us last year."

"You changed skippers!" repeated Cargill. Then, with sudden energy: "You blame idiot! don't you know that folks likes a good loser! Any fool kin be a good winner, but the public has a lingerin' an' strong affection for the feller that kin smile when he's losin'. He's the real sport; he's the man they like'. Why, we pretty near pushed those other soap fellers out of the Rock Lake district by losin' the last race! An' you changed skippers!" Cargill began to jump up and down and gesticulate wildly. "You jump for a telegraph office!" he cried. "Quick, now! an' wire the Acme Soap Company that we'll take their offer of $250,000! Great jumpin' grasshoppers! we won't have no friends at all here when we win this race! Didn't you hear me say I was goin' to do what Tommy did?"

"Would Tommy sell?" grumbled Nelson as he turned to follow instructions.

"If Tommy's wise," retorted Cargill, "you bet he'll sell his business the first time he wins! Why, we'll begin losin' trade five minutes after the race is over. Hustle, now!"



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FUSEE REDIVIVUS

(Continued from Page 8)

"There's another thing," Fenwick broke in with. "Richmond couldn't ride Fusee at a hundred and fifty pounds, the boy only weighs a hundred, and you'd have a whole arsenal of lead in the saddle."

"Well, 'pears as 'ow I'd better see Mitchell an' tell 'im as 'ow that bet's off—I was only kiddin' 'im, anyhow."

But, unfortunately for the Boniface, Mitchell's tout had supplied him with the newly-discovered pedigree of pony Ned; and he smiled grimly when Hichins, in the most offhand manner in the world, said: "I been a thinkin' that offer of yourn hover Mitchell—Rose she says as 'ow a bird in the 'and's worth two in the bush—an' now, if you'll hopen a bottle, I'm agreeable to take the five 'undred an' call it all hoff."

The layer of odds patted himself on the back as he thought of what one day's development had saved him. To be sure, there was a value to be placed upon knowledge; it was worth money.

So he answered seductively: "I won't give five hundred now, Jack; besides, we ain't had that laugh yet."

"Wot'll you give?"

"Won't give anything."

"Ha, ha! not to save ten thousand?"

"No."

"I'll take two 'undred."

"No."

"Well, now, look 'ee 'ere, Mitchell, I don't want no two 'undred, nor nothink from you, I was jus' a-rubbin' it in hover them lead rupees—a-charfin' of you, 'ere's your bloomin' tickets back, you give me the two 'undred rupees, hopen a bottle, an' we'll call it square. 'Twouldn't never do for me to take money off'n customers. I'll jus' run Ned fer the stake—an' 'e'll win it, too."

Mitchell closed one eye quizzically at the scheming hotelkeeper, and said: "Ned, with nine stun up, might have won; but *Fusee*, with ten stun ten in the saddle, and a week's training, is a good fifty to one against. The bet stands, my dear boy. And, I say, Hichins, you worked this pretty clever—picked up a good hurdler, drove him a year in that old clothes-basket on wheels, and then roped me in for a ten-thousand-rupee bet."

"Yer a-charfin', Mitchell. 'Ere, I'll hopen a bottle—Monopole, too, at that. Come an' 'ave dinner along o' Rose an' me, an' we'll jus' drop this 'ere little joke. Shall I tear up the tickets?"

"The bet stands—thought you was game, Jack."

Foiled in his little play, Hichins became very crusty with Captain Jim; he blamed the ex-soldier for the calamitous speculation into which he had drifted.

"That 'ere Yankee bookie, 'e's jus' sordid enough to turn our little bit of charf into real business. Why look 'ee 'ere, Cap'n, 'e 'ad the cheek to say as 'ow 'e was goin' to stick me to that bet as was all made in the way of a joke. So we've got to put Ned—Fusee as they calls 'im now—into the race, win or lose. Can't you ride 'im, Cap'n? You know you orter sort o' do somethink to git me out'n this 'ole that I gits into along o' 'elpin' you."

"I'll ride the gee-gee, only if I lose don't say I pulled his head off."

"Now, Cap'n—I say' 'Ope I ain't a man o' that sort. Hain't I acted fair all along o' the account."

So Captain Jim tried to pull together Fusee, that had been Ned, the respectable phaeton horse, for a bruising race; and, swathed in a huge sweater, took five-mile runs in the sweltering Burmese mornings to bring himself down to weight. He even lay for an hour, two different evenings, buried in the stable litter to sweat away a couple of pounds.

"I've let the old duffer in for this," he muttered. "He's a squealer, a bounder, forty kinds of a Shylock—but it's my campaign, and I've got to see it through. Prime Minister to a publican, Captain Jim Fenwick!" Thus he reviled himself.

And if he racked and tortured his body to ride the weight, Hichins flagellated Captain Jim's patient temper with a nine-tailed scourge of mistrust and interference. He wanted Fenwick to sleep in the stable with Fusee for fear somebody would get at the horse; he had "'eard of such things bein' done." He was like a child with a precious toy; he wanted to smash it—to pick it to pieces with meddlesome fingers. He was an amateur at losing money. From the day he had landed in Rangoon he had steadily gone on making, making, profiting; now he might sustain a loss. It unnerved him.

A certain latent chivalry in Captain Jim kept him patient through the season of the other's unreasoning annoyance. It was his instigation that had started it all; also he was indebted beyond all chance of redemption to this man of the pound of flesh.

And then came the last day of Captain Jim's trial, the day of the Pagoda Hurdles.

Fusee's chance of winning had been pretty well knocked out by the weight; still there was a chance. Fenwick was familiar enough with the ways of racehorses to know that an animal will sour in his temper under the gradual accumulation of weight on his back until, at last, in disgust, he may chuck all striving. Then a long rest, bringing forgetfulness, may bring him back to his best form. It might have been this way with Fusee; he certainly went good and strong in his work, always reaching for the bit.

The Pagoda Hurdles was of undoubted interest; a special charm was lent to the race by the presence of the hotelkeeper's trap horse.

There were a dozen runners, with Slowcoach the favorite. Schoolboy, and a gray mare, Begum, were also well backed.

Hichins saw with dismay fifty to one marked up against Fusee's name. Captain Jim had said they had a fair chance even at the weight, but the bookmaker's slate seemed to give the lie to this optimism. The fifty to one stared at Hichins derisively in big, white-chalked figures on the black betting-list. He had hoped that at the very last people would have been eager to back his pony; then he might have had his bet canceled. Over the bar he had assured every one, as they drank their pegs, that Fusee was going to win.

Just before the Pagoda Hurdles, Hichins, leaving Rose to watch the till, came from behind his bar and hurried over to Bookmaker Mitchell. The dozen ponies were lined up in front of the stand; the race was a mile, once around.

"Wot say 'ee, Mitchell: be we on or hoff?"

"We're on, Mr. Hichins. But the ponies are off; there they go!"

"My word! Fusee's first ain't 'e—that's Captain Jim's red-ringed jacket in front, ain't it?"

The bookmaker, focusing his glasses on the sun-splashed mosaic of shifting, undulating red, green, yellow and blue, answered: "Yes, Hichins; if your pony was as good as your Jock you'd win out."

A man at their elbow croaked disagreeably: "That's old Fusee's way—I saw him run at Thayetmayo. He'll cut it out no end for half a mile, and then shut up like a turtle."

"'Ow's 'e runnin', Mitchell?" Hichins asked nervously.

"First rate, Jack; he's doing bully for a buggy horse. Slowcoach's in front now, an' going easy."

"My word! is 'e beatin' Fusee?"

Mitchell stooped down, and, with a smile, said: "Captain Jim's sold you, Jack—I'd have him up before the Stewards."

"No charlin', Mitchell. Are they beatin' Fusee? I say, Mitchell, call the bet off, will you. Fusee might win yet—call it off?"

The bookmaker took a look through his glasses without answering. Fusee was running second to Slowcoach, but Mitchell's sharp eye detected Captain Jim's easy seat. He was sitting down in the saddle waiting, he had a chance.

Mitchell turned to Fusee's owner and said: "All right, Jack; he's beaten now, but we'll call it off. Here, give me the tickets—the bet's off."

Hichins complied, tweaked his nose in a pleased manner, heaved a sigh of relief, and then inconsistently whined: "It'd be jus' like my luck for Fusee to win now; I orter landed that ten thousand."

"Fusee's beat, my dear boy," the other answered, with a wave of his hand.

Mitchell's glasses had read aright Captain Jim's movements. At the half-mile Fenwick, bearing in mind Fusee's speed, took a pull at his mount, and allowed Slowcoach to lead him half a length.

Captain Jim was listening with every nerve of his body for the first sign of his horse's cracking up—the little swaying tremble that would foretell he had shot his bolt. He was nursing him like a babe. If Fusee's courage was yellow-tinted he must keep him just short of the breaking point.

So far the little chap had run as straight and true as Hermit had come down the hill in the Derby. The half-length that Slowcoach led by was on sufferance; but would Fusee last?

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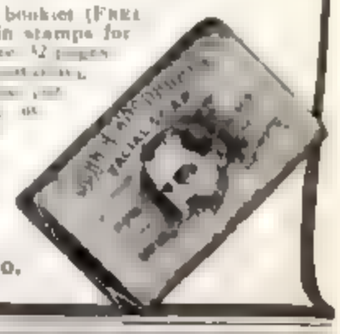

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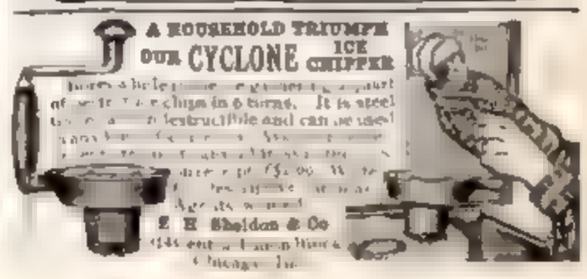

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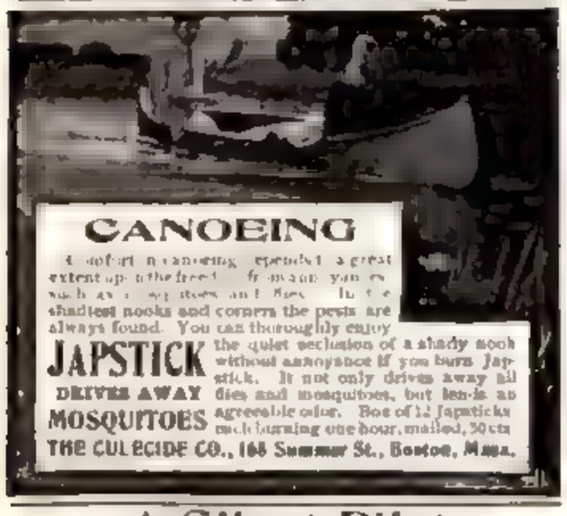

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At the three-quarters the mouse-colored pony was still pushing into the bridle; his lean head reached to the bit, and there was no sign of a waver.

As they swung into the straight Slowcoach's rider panted, "How—are you—goin' Fenwick?"

"Bally strong—I'm going to—win this!

"I stand—to win a—bit over—my pony. Let me in—on the rail—I'll stand you a quarter in the lotteries."

"How much?"

"Perhaps—a thousand."

"Thanks; two and a half thou—in this skate—I'm going—on—to win now. Good-by, Major."

It wasn't exactly good-by, for the Major sat down and rode like the good horseman that he was; and Slowcoach was game. He clung to the mouse-colored Fusee like a bulldog—like a leech. Inch by inch the despised puller of a phaeton crept up, guided by Captain Jim's hands that were as tender as a woman's on the bit; neck and neck they raced up the last sixteenth, the favorite and the fifty-to-one chance.

The stand screamed itself hoarse in vociferous admiration. "Come on, Slowcoach!" "Whisky wins!" for Fusee had been dubbed "Whisky."

Captain Jim was riding for a sight of the chalk cliffs of old England—for a quarter share in that ten thousand, and a piece of the stake.

The mouse-colored muzzle was first to blur the black line to the judge's eye. A short head, and Fusee had got it.

When Captain Jim had weighed in, and stepped from the scales, Hichins' voice was the first to congratulate him.

"You see you was wrong, Cap'n. Ol' Ned 'e beat 'em all. My word! 'e beat 'em all. Never see such a 'orse race in all my life! I bet a man ten rupees you'd win when I see you fightin' it out there. My word! I did."

"Yes, we landed it. By Jove! it was a close squeak."

"Pity as 'ow you was afeared ol' Ned couldn't beat 'em other 'orses, wasn't it?"

"By Jove! one can never tell in racing. But we've done pretty well—we've landed the ten thousand, anyway, and about four hundred in the stakes."

"No we hain't, Cap'n. Me an' Mitchell called the bet off when you got be'ind there."

Captain Jim's face grew white—passion blazed in his eye; then, with a sneer on his lips, he said: "*You half bred sweep!* You haven't the pluck of a jackal! And I threw away a thousand——"

"Wot's that, Cap'n?"

But Captain Jim, with a sigh as the white cliffs of Albion vanished, strode away to the dressing-room.

A Plea to the Parodists

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

You make a Mock of Omar Khayyam's lilt
And uselessly great Tanks of Ink have spilt—
  In fact, the Crime is quite Unanimous.
Contritely now do I confess my Guilt.

Let us have done, however, with our Quips,
For Omar in his Flagon left no Sips
  Wherewith we Bards who seek to flourish now
Might with his Wine of Wisdom wet our Lips.

What! Once our knack of Mocking is turned Loose,
Need we forever raise the very Deuce
  In trying to Compose as Omar did?
We have the Skins—the Grapes gave him their Juice.

A Book of Omar—then, with puckered Brow
We try to turn a Parody somehow,
  And very likely ere we leave the Task
We're also looking for the Purple Cow.

Ofttimes with joyful Zest I sit and Quote
His Quatrains, which move on with tuneful Note,
  And then I wonder what old Omar read
One half so Precious as the Things he wrote.

Each Parodist is something of a Knave,
Or else no more his busy Pen he'd wave
  Above his Paper. Nay, he'd pause and hear
Sad Omar whirling over in his Grave!

So let us put the Quatrain craze away,
Let's write no jangling Rubaiyat to-day.
  Aye, Brothers, Sisters, Cousins of the Pen,
O, mar not Omar any more, I pray!

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HURRICANE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 11)

We can get to the island and be quit forever of those dreadful men and horrible scenes."

The Prince let his glance fall on her. "There is something to be done here," he said at last. "The luck of the Hochburgers holds."

He was ill for certain, but at that moment I had no patience with him. I turned on my heel and left the room.

CHAPTER XIX—THE TRAGEDY

IT WAS quite obvious that we could not offer any resistance to another attack if one should be made. All told, and excluding the women, there were but seven of us, and three of these were disabled by their wounds. We did not, of course, know how the mutineers had fared, but it was certain that their assault had cost them dear. The heavy seas had washed overboard dead and dying, and it was impossible for us to say how many enemies were left to us. It might be that with their diminished numbers they would not risk another attack, particularly as they had found us develop so fierce a resistance. But, on the other hand, the rank and file of the mutineers believed us to be in possession of the treasure (as we actually were once more), and it was likely that they would make yet another attempt to gain it. But they, on their side, could not tell how we had suffered, and they would be sure to use caution. For these reasons I did not think that we need fear an immediate assault, but we thought it advisable to concentrate our forces against an emergency. We, therefore, abandoned the music-room and secured ourselves as well as possible in the wreck of the staterooms, using furniture and trunks and boxes as barricades.

For my part my heart echoed the Princess' wish. I was in favor of abandoning the yacht and trusting to the chances of the island. As the sun rose higher we got glimpses of this through the windows, and the verdure looked inviting after so many weary weeks of desolate water. The tops of the hills seemed barren, but I had no doubt that there was more fertility in the valleys, which were not swept by the bluff winds of the wild sea. But the Prince was obstinate, and, relying upon his luck, was dragging down with him the lives of the two women he loved, to say nothing of the rest of our company. We had, therefore, to make the best of the situation, and to sit down and await issues with what composure we might.

The Prince himself had recovered wonderfully, though I did not like the look of the dent on his head, which had been dealt apparently by the back of an ax. His power of recuperation astonished me, and I was amazed, on leaving the cabin in which Lane was housed, to find him entering the doorway that led from the lobby. I remonstrated with him, for it was evident that he had been wandering, and I wanted him to rest, so as to have all his strength for use later, should it be necessary. He smiled queerly.

"Yet you would have had me take a turn on the island, Doctor," he said; "I saw it in your eye. I will not have you encourage the Princess so. It is my wish to stay. I will see my luck to the end."

This was the frame of his mind, and you will conceive how impossible to move one so fanatically fixed on his course. Indeed, the futility of argument was evident from the first, and I made no attempt. Barraclough, too, retired defeated, though it was by no means his last word on the point, as you shall hear.

I was seated in the corridor some three hours later, near what should have been four bells, when I heard my name called softly. I looked about me without seeing any one. The wounded men were resting, and Legrand was at the farther end of the corridor, acting as sentinel over our makeshift of a fortress. I sat wondering, and then my name was called again, called in a whisper that, nevertheless, penetrated to my ears and seemed to carry on the quiet air. I rose and went toward Legrand. "Did you call?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No," said he.

"I heard my name distinctly," I said.

"Oh, don't get fancying things, Phillimore," he said with impatient earnestness. "My dear fellow, there's only you and Barraclough and me now."

"Well, I'd better swallow some of my own medicine," I retorted grimly, and left him.

I walked down to the farther end of the corridor, and when I reached it turned. As I did so the call came to me so clearly and so softly that I knew it was no fancy on my part; and now I involuntarily lifted my eyes upward to the skylights. One of these had been shattered in the gale.

"Doctor!"

I gazed in amazement, and suddenly Holgate's face passed momentarily over the hole in the glass.

"Doctor, can you spare me ten minutes?"

What, in the name of wonder, was this? I paused, looked down the corridor toward Legrand, and reflected. Then I took it in at a guess, and I resolved to see him.

"Where?" I asked in a voice so modulated that it did not reach Legrand.

"Here—the promenade," came back the reply.

I whistled softly, but made no answer. Then I walked away.

"Legrand," said I. "I'm going for a turn. I've got an idea."

"Don't let your idea get you," said he bluffly.

I assured him that I was particular about my personal safety, and with his assistance the door was opened behind the barricade. For the first time for two days I found myself on the deck and in the open air. Hastily glancing about me to make sure that no mutineers were in the neighborhood, I walked to the foot of the ladder that gave access to the promenade deck above, and quickly clambered to the top. At first I could see no sign of Holgate, and then a head emerged from behind the raised skylights, and he beckoned to me.

"Sit here, Doctor," said he. "You'll be safe here. No harm shall come to you."

He indicated a seat under cover of one of the extra boats which was swung inside the promenade deck for use in the event of emergencies, and he himself set me the example of sitting.

"I suppose you've come armed?" he said. I tapped my breast pocket significantly.

"So!" said he, smiling. "Well, you're plucky, but you're not a fool; and I won't forget that little affair downstairs. I'll admit you might have dusted me right up if you'd chosen. But you didn't. You had a clear head, and refrained."

"On the contrary," said I, "I've been thinking ever since what a dolt I was not to shoot."

"You don't shoot the man at the wheel, lad," said he with his grin.

"Oh, you weren't that; you were only the enemy. Why, we struck half an hour later."

"Yes," he assented. "But we're not down under yet. And you can take your solemn Alfred that that's where we should be now if you hadn't let me pass. No, Doctor, you spared the rod and saved the ship."

"Well, she's piled up, my good sir," I declared.

"So she is," he admitted. "But she's saved all the same. And I'll let you into a little secret, Doctor. What d'ye suppose my men are busy about, eh? Why, pumping—pumping for all they're worth. I keep 'em well employed, by thunder." He laughed. "If it's not fight it's pump, and if it weren't pump, by blazes, it would be fight. So you owe me one, Doctor, you and those fine friends of yours, who wouldn't pick you out of a gutter."

"Supposing we get to the point," I suggested curtly.

"That's all right. There's a point about here, sure enough. Well, we're piled up on blessed Hurricane Island, Doctor, as you see. We struck her at a proper angle. See? Here lies the Sea Queen, with a bulge in her and her nose for the water. She'd like to crawl off, and could."

He waved his hand as he spoke, and for the first time my gaze took in the scene. We lay crooked up upon a ridge of rock or sand. Beyond, to the right, the cliffs rose in a cloud of gulls, and nearer and leftward the long rollers broke upon a little beach, which sloped up to the verdure of a tiny valley. It was a solitary but a not unhandsome prospect, and my eyes devoured it with inward satisfaction, even with longing. Far away a little hill was crowned with trees, and the

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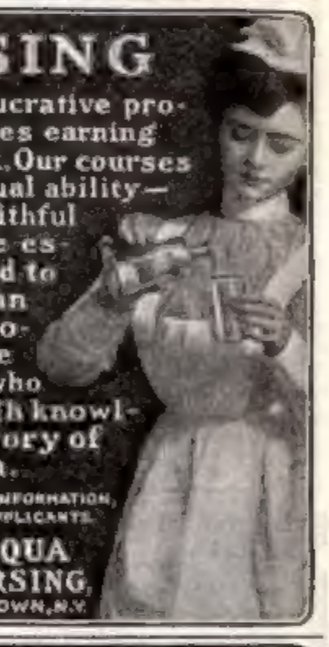

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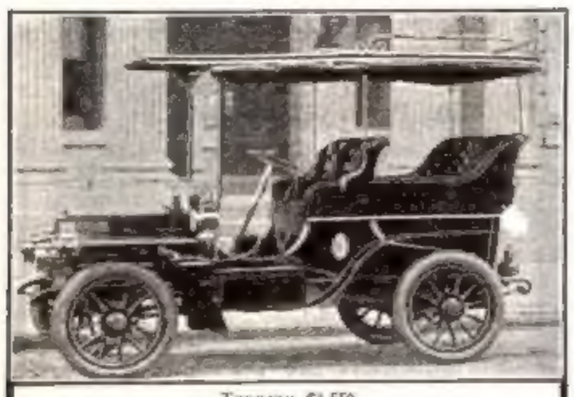

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sun was shining warmly on the gray sand and blue water.

I turned, and Holgate's eye was on me.

"She's piled up, for certain, but I guess she could get up and waddle if we urged her," he said slowly.

"Come, Holgate, I have no idea what this means," said I. "I only know that a few hours ago you would have annihilated us, and that we must look for the same attempt again. I confess there's nothing else plain to me."

"I'll make it plain, lad," said he with his Lancashire accent uppermost. "I'm not denying what you say. I told you long ago that I was going through with this, and that holds. I'm not going to let go now, no, by thunder! not when I'm within an ace of it. But there's been a bit of manœuvring, Doctor, and I think we can help each other."

"You want a compromise?" I said.

"You can call it that if you will," he said. "But the terms I offered yesterday I repeat to-day."

"Why do you take this method of offering them?" I inquired. "Why not approach the Prince officially?"

"Well, you see, Doctor, I don't hanker after seeing the Prince, as you might say; and then, between you and me, you're more reasonable, and know when the butter's on the bread."

"And there's another reason," said I.

He slapped his thigh and laughed. "My faith, Doctor, there's no getting behind you. You're a fair daisy," he said good-humoredly. "Yes, there's another reason, which is by way of manœuvring, as I have said. My men are at the pumps or they would be at you.

"You see, you've got the treasure."

"Oh, only a few hours since," I said lightly.

His fang showed.

"That's so. But so far as my men know you've had it all along. Now, I wonder where you hid it? Perchance in a steward's pantry, Doctor?"

"Very likely," I assented.

His sombre eyes, which never smiled, scrutinized me.

"I'd put my shirt on it that 'twas you, Doctor," he said presently. "What a man you are! It couldn't be that worm, Pye, naturally; so it must be you. I'm nuts on you."

I rose. "I'm afraid, Holgate, you can't offer any terms which would be acceptable," I said dryly.

"Well, it's a fair exchange," he said. "I guess I can keep my men aloof for a bit, and we can get her off. There's not much the matter with the yacht.

"I'll land your party on the coast in return for the boodle."

"The Prince would not do it," I answered. "Nor would I advise him to do so—for one reason, if for no other."

I spoke deliberately and looked him in the face fully.

"What may that be?" he asked, meeting my gaze.

"You would not keep your word," I said.

He shook his head. "You're wrong, Doctor; you're wholly wrong. You haven't got my measure yet, hanged if you have. I thought you had a clearer eye. What interest have I in your destruction? None in the world."

"Credit me with some common-sense, Holgate," I replied sharply. "Dead men tell no tales."

"Nor dead women," he said meaningly, and I shuddered. "But, good Lord, I kill no man save in fight. Surrender, and I'll keep the wolves off you. They only want the money."

"Which they would not get," I put in.

He smiled, not resenting this insinuation.

"That's between me and my Maker," he said with bold blasphemy. "Anyway, I'm not afraid of putting your party at liberty. I know a plan or two. I can look after myself. I've got my earths to run to."

"It's no use," I said firmly.

"Well, there's an alternative," he said, showing his teeth. "And that's war, and when it comes to war lives don't count, of either sex. No, by blazes! they don't, Doctor Phillimore."

He stood up and faced me, his mouth open, his teeth apart, and that malicious grin wrinkling all but his smoldering, feral eyes. I turned my back on him without a word and descended to the deck. I had not a notion of what was to be done, but I knew better than to trust to the ravening mercies of that arch-mutineer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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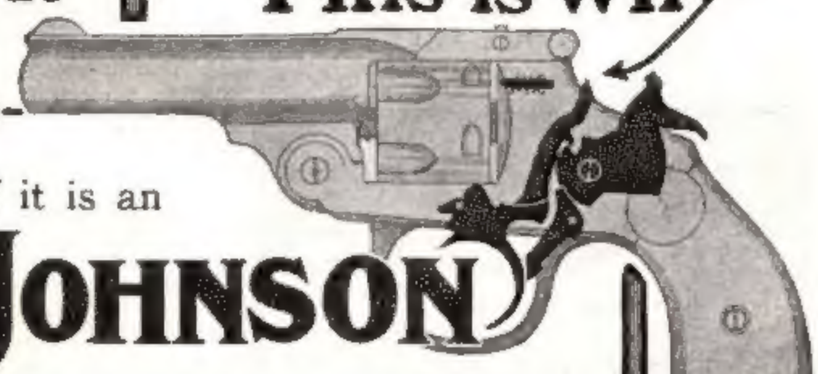

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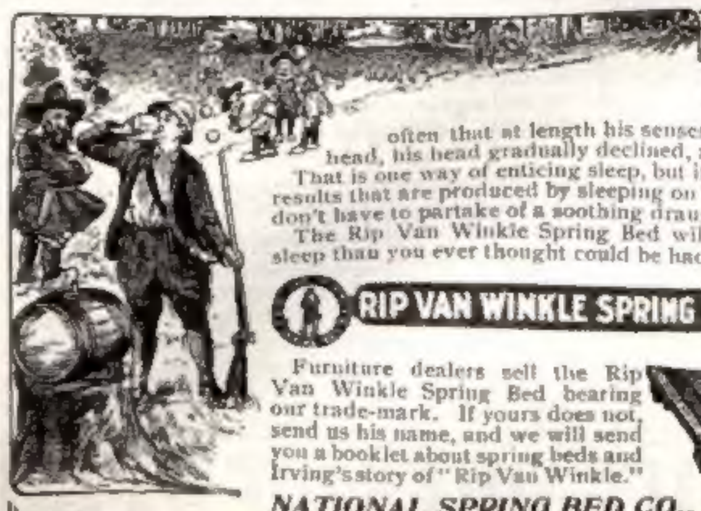

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Send your name to the Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, Department C, Canton, Ohio, for a copy of "Light from the Watchman."

Other Boys said "You can't do it"—

I said "I can"

Now I have a bank account

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